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DECEMBER 31, 1971

Bertram D. Wolfe
Methods of Soviet Torture
—SEE PAGE 1460

NATIONAL REVIEW

Richard Nixon's Christmas Song Book

W.H. von Dreele

WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a new ball game
With every Right-wing nut I slight,
Where the Galbraiths praise me and Mills obeys me,
And Spock is suddenly polite;
I'm dreaming I am Dis-raeli,
Watching constituents turn white.
May your TV picture be bright:
I'll be in your living room tonight.

WE THREE KINGS

Cross your toes and spit on your ring;
I am off to visit Peking.
While I'm leading
This proceeding,
Ronald Reagan's covering.
(chorus)
Oh-h-h . . .
Muskie is a nervous wreck.
(No one turns to rubberneck.)
Eastward leading,
Still proceeding . . .
Drop a tear for Chiang Kai-shek.

GOOD KING WENCESLAUS

Good grief! Though I introduce
Welfare legislation,
All I ever get's abuse
From the Woodstock nation.
Humphrey lets his sideburns grow
Like an Irish Setter:
If I let my toenails show,
Would they treat me better?

DECK THE HALLS

Clear the decks of excess holly;
(Kennedy is moving from the rear.)
Muskie's falling off his trolley;
(Gallup isn't going well this year.)
Time to sing "Hi Diddle-Diddle";
(Wicker is wallowing in his beer.)
Hold the South and mind the Middle;
(Fa-la-la-la till I make that clear.)

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing to the Coast
For a holiday or two;
Teddy's like a ghost —
Muskie's looking blue.
Boy, how they despise
Nominees I choose.
O what fun as Lindsay cries
Those Confirmation Blues.
(chorus)
Powell's in, Rehnquist's in,
And I'm frank to say
Mitchell has provided me
With further results
at
around

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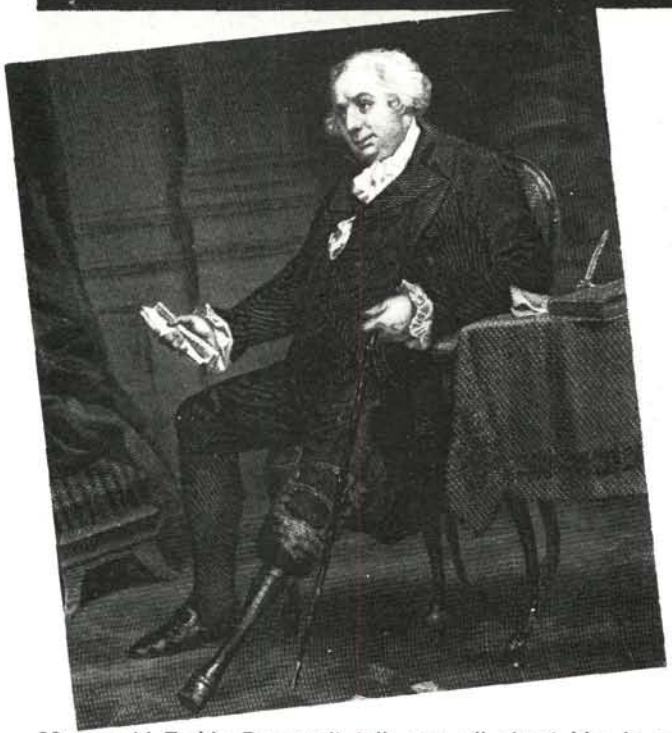

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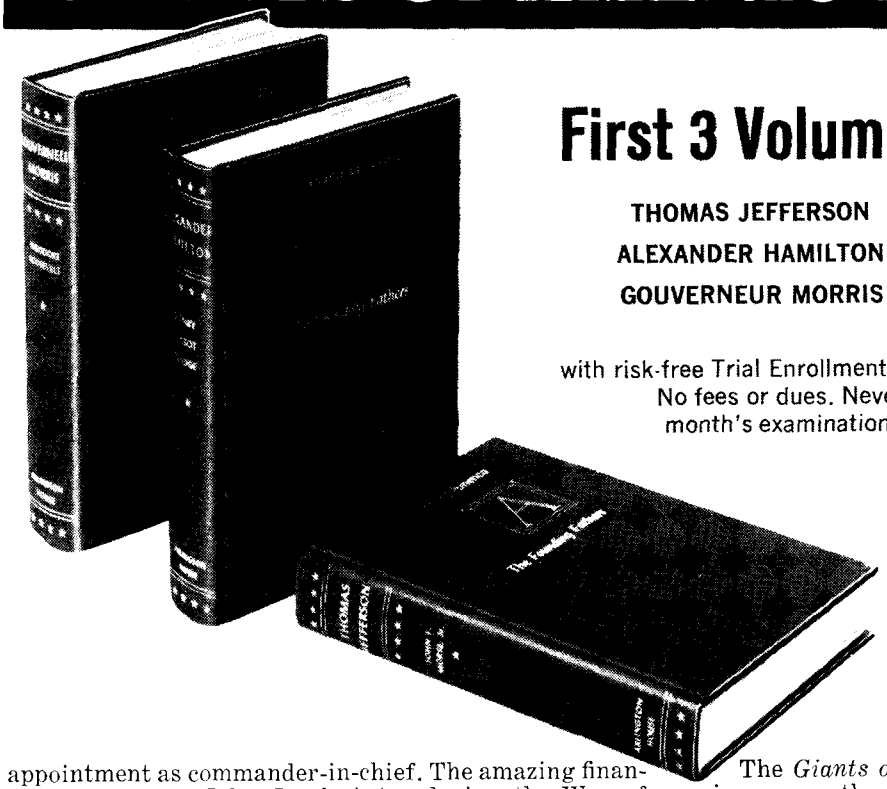

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Significant breakdown of votes on **Rehnquist** nomination. All of Democratic Presidential hopefuls —including **Scoop Jackson**— voted against it. But many Senate liberals voted for Rehnquist, including **Eagleton** and **Symington** (Mo.), **Stevenson** (Ill.), **Montoya** (N.M.), **Pastore** and **Pell** (R.I.), **McGee** (Wyo.), **Proxmire** (Wisc.) —Proxmire presumably because he has pulled out of Presidential race. Reason: many senators in the North and West getting anguished calls from constituents over disruptions resulting from court-ordered busing. The three Republicans who voted against Rehnquist were **Brooke** (Mass.), **Case** (N.J.), **Javits** (N.Y.). . . . Even opponents of confirmation unedified by **Kennedy**'s bringing up comparisons with **Hitler** and **Mussolini** in the Rehnquist debate (because Rehnquist was Ass't Attorney General at time of Mayday riots). . . . Only four senators (a mixed bag) voted against extension of President's economic controls to 1973: **Goldwater**, on the Right; on the Left, Proxmire, **Harris** (Okla.), **Fulbright** (Ark.) . . . The two Republicans who voted for the $1 political dues checkoff the Democrats want so badly were: **Charles Mathias** (Md.), Clifford Case (N.J.). . . . **Fulton Lewis III** points out that **Robert Kennedy** was opposed to any political dues checkoff plan on the grounds that it would "provide an extremely dangerous grant of power" to the heads of the national political parties (the kind of power that might have kept **JFK** from winning the 1960 nomination). Teddy is pro dues checkoff.

■ Much to-do over **John Tunney**'s endorsement of **Edmund Muskie** as indication Tunney's good friend Edward Kennedy won't enter the race. **Joseph Alsop** suggests that if Kennedy really wants to make that position clear, he endorse Muskie himself. . . . **Don Gifford**, former legislative aide to Ted Kennedy, will join Massachusetts Muskie operation. . . . Another possible Presidential candidate: Sen. **Vance Hartke**, who, come to think of it, has been making candidatorial noises ever since he got back to the Senate. Hartke has an advance team in New Hampshire now and an aide says: "Obviously, we are making contingency plans for that possibility." . . . On Republican side, **Richard Howard**, who was executive director of the Nixon for President operation in New Hampshire two years ago, says if a conservative like **John Ashbrook** enters the primary he may take a hand in it—otherwise he'll sit it out.

"Don't you think it's time for you to step down and make room for fresh new programs and young ideas?"

■ Not following the leader: The **Russian** bloc in **UN** General Assembly that voted against a resolution for ceasefire between **India** and **Pakistan** (Russia voted against because India was winning) was minus: **Rumania** (which has a large dissatisfied Hungarian minority), **Cyprus** (Turkish minority), **Ethiopia** (Eritrean minority). . . . Representatives of so-called People's Republic of **Bangla Desh** in New Delhi say that Bangla Desh will be a socialist economy, that banks and industry (jute) will be nationalized. . . . New **Red Chinese** move in Africa, this time in **Mauritania** on west coast. The Chinese have a 1,500 man team in Mauritania working on plans to build a port near the capital city of Nouakchott that will in many respects be bigger than Dakar. Mainland China up to this time had concentrated its activities in Africa in the east, in **Tanzania**, **Zambia**, **Congo (Brazzaville)**.

■ Prize time: For first time in eighteen years, the **John Peter Zenger** Award for "distinguished services to freedom of the press and the people's right to know" has gone to institution instead of to a man: to the *New York Times* for the **Pentagon Papers**. . . . *N.Y. Times* Pentagon Papers reporter **Neil Sheehan** got the first **Drew Pearson** journalism award. . . . *Angela: Portrait of a Revolutionary* has copped the award for the world's finest documentary—at the **Moscow Film Festival**. It will be shown in neighborhood theaters any day now. . . . Audience at a San Francisco showing of **Berrigan**'s *Catonsville Nine*, that was forced to evacuate theater because of phony bomb threat, was given "bomb checks" by management.

■ Escalation: Women's Lib substitution of Ms. for Miss and Mrs. doesn't satisfy ultrafeminist **Varda Murrell**. She suggests one prefix—person—for both men and women, says, helpfully, that it can be abbreviated "Pn." Why not refinement of pn. and unpn.?

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In This Issue

You will have observed at the left our Phase Two Masthead, wherein *NR*'s editors, associates, contributors and staff qualify for New Year's raises by being promoted en masse. . . . This Christmas, as is our tradition, we present a memorable piece by the late **Aloïse Buckley Heath**, who gets Peter Bailey-Gates into Cranwell Preparatory School by writing the only absolutely truthful letter of recommendation in the history of the genre. . . . **Bertram D. Wolfe**'s books on Russia and the Russian Revolution are contemporary classics. Appearing in *NR* for the first time, he discusses the *internal* Brezhnev Doctrine, according to which criticism of the Workers' Paradise is prima-facie evidence of insanity. The Soviets, accordingly, are developing a new branch of psychiatry, i.e., Police Psychiatry. **William Murchison** reports from Dallas on the leftist convention that nominated Ben Spock for President. A year ago in *NR*, Murchison predicted that Lloyd Bentsen would defeat George Bush, despite polls saying the opposite. . . . **Armistead Maupin Jr.** is *NR*'s answer to Gloria Emerson and John Kerry. During the summer of 1971 he and nine other Vietnam veterans voluntarily returned to the village of Cat Lai to build houses for disabled ARVN veterans. "Someday," he writes, "I'll go back to Cat Lai to see the houses. I'll arrive at dusk when the sky over Saigon is amber and people are coming in from the rice fields. . . ." The article is illustrated by the portrait painter Tom Nielsen, who was one of the group of volunteers.

—J.H.

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LETTERS

Capital Punishment

Re "A Wistful Goodbye to Capital Punishment" by Donald A. Zoll [Dec. 3]: The law of gravity is respected because it is surely and promptly enforced.

Heber Springs, Ark. WALKER W. MEANS

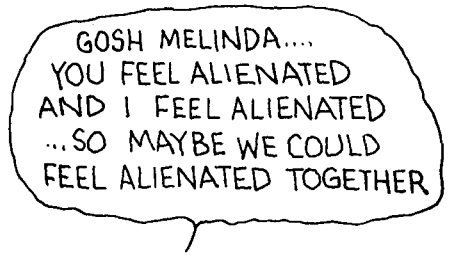
Mr. Zoll's article on capital punishment is a masterpiece. Opponents of capital punishment have worked hard to foreclose discussion of what Mr. Zoll has called "the retaliation argument." It is an old trick, this one of excluding from the terms of the debate all that really matters and then confining argument to eternally undemonstrable or even trivial or irrelevant issues. (No one is ever going to be able to prove statistically or empirically whether or not capital punishment has a deterrent effect on the kinds of conduct it seeks to punish.) Notwithstanding this long-sustained attempt to remove vengeance and retaliation from the discussion, Mr. Zoll has reinstated them emphatically and well.

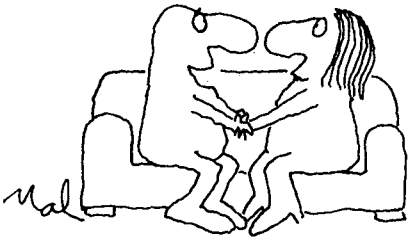
History and introspection teach that human beings resent and react violently to aggression upon themselves, their loved ones, and those with whom they are united in common interest. Government exists in part to preclude private war's ensuing from aggression, in part to punish private aggression more effectively than individuals could. The important thing, at any rate, is that legal process supplants lynch law only so long as it does better the things which the *entirely natural*, spontaneous activity known as lynch law seeks to accomplish. It is absurd to contend that there is something wrong or immoral in a person's wanting to kill someone who has himself initiated heinous aggression; it is even more absurd to deny that victims and friends do in fact have such feelings. This being the case, capital punishment by due process of law is in the deepest sense a social measure. Abandoning it will, like so many pseudo-humane "reforms," contribute to the breakdown of civilized order. If government won't kill a proven killer, the kin and friends of his victim will. And they'll probably make considerably more mistakes in the process than courts and juries do.

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. SYLVESTER PETRO

I cannot quibble with Donald Atwell Zoll's central distinction between a humane and an effete society. Nonetheless, some of his arguments give me cause for concern. Professor Zoll writes that the difficulty with a pacifist viewpoint is that "in denying the right to take life, it implicitly rejects the right of self-defense." Now, I am neither a pacifist nor an opponent of capital punishment, and for all I know there may even be a right to self-defense. Nonetheless, it seems to me that one might reject pacifism on other (and perhaps better) grounds. Indeed, certain branches of traditional Christian thought (Luther is a good example) permit the bearing of arms—not to defend oneself, but to defend one's neighbor.

Further, what are we to make of his belief that we must approve self-defense because it is "frankly aberrational" not to be willing to kill in one's own defense? I am certain Professor Zoll would not wish to give his blessing to everything that seems to "come naturally" to men. The difficult problem of distinguishing the factual and the normative is lurking uneasily in the background here, but Professor Zoll





gives us not even an inkling of that. And further, if (once again with certain branches of traditional Christian thought—Augustine, for example) we stress the sinful and rebellious character of human nature, there may be good grounds for being rather hesitant about affirming what we find in men.

Finally, I am uneasy with Professor Zoll's glib assertion that rebuttals to arguments hinging on the irrevocability of the death penalty must be based upon the assertion of its beneficial consequences. Here the difficult problem of utilitarian justifications is raised but never met. Is it not at least possible that there are some deeds so heinous that they can never be permitted, no matter how good the consequences might seem to be? Now, I am not inclined to think that capital punishment is such a deed, but the question deserves more careful exploration than Professor Zoll's article provides.

St. Louis, Mo. GILBERT MEILAENDER JR.

Mr. Zoll, in listing constitutional arguments in favor of the death penalty, does not mention that the Constitution itself explicitly recognizes the death penalty in Amendment V and Amendment XIV Section 1, in the phrases "capital crime" and "no state . . . shall deprive any person of life . . ." It is fair to reject interpretations of the Constitution that make it self-contradictory, and fair to expect such an approach from the Nixon Court. *Oremus.*

New York, N.Y. PETER B. HUMPHREY

Taft Institute

I read with interest Patricia Coyne's recent article on the Robert A. Taft Institute ["Teaching the Teacher," Nov. 19] and would like to commend you for bringing this organization to my attention.

However, two points:

1) Where is the Robert A. Taft Institute and how does one contact it for information?

2) I don't think Mr. Lefkowitz deserves the comment that his excuse for not coming to the seminar "may or may not have been true." Look at it this way—if Mr. Lefkowitz had been able to come, Mrs. Coyne would not have had the opportunity to hear Mr. Canter, would she?

Flushing, N.Y. THOMAS BYRNE

The address of the Taft Institute is 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.
—ED.

Corrections

D. Keith Mano, in his review of *Cruising Speed* [Oct. 8], refers to the "new Episcopal Book of Common Prayer."

Mr. Mano is wrong. There is no *new* Book of Common Prayer. There *are* some "trial" things, as you correctly explained in "Liturgical Mess" ["The Week," Oct. 22], for which the misguided are whooping it up.

Honolulu, Hawaii GEORGE W. DEW

So as not to bring down upon my head the wrath of Jane Austen fans, I would like to point out that the manuscript of my "Confessions of a Street-Corner Conservative" [Dec. 3] said that the Eighteenth-Century Freak held *Sense and Sensibility* to be his favorite *modern* novel. The omission of the word "modern" in the published version makes it seem as if I think it is somehow freakish to think of *Sense and Sensibility* as "the best novel." Not at all.

Arlington, Va. WILLIAM F. GAVIN

Mr. Carroll Replies

I should like to reply to Milton Levinson's letter [Dec. 3] on my article, "Some Air Pollution Myths" [Nov. 5].

First of all, it is not clear precisely what

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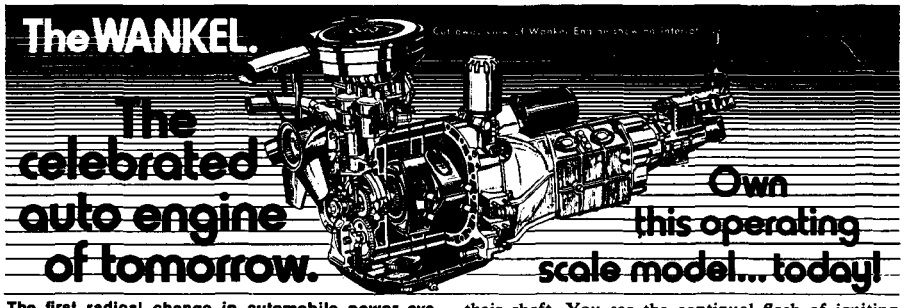

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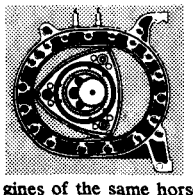

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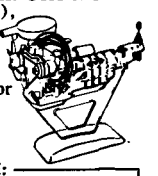

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Mr. Levinson means by "gas," although I think he means exclusively LPGas (propane). When I referred to "gas" as a substitute for gasoline, I meant both natural gas and LPGas. My specific example of the dangers of fire with these substances, the Indianapolis Coliseum explosion, was caused by LPGas, but it could have happened just as easily with *any* explosive gas under pressure.

Mr. Levinson may be correct that the LPGas business has used LPGas in their cars and trucks for 25 years. Besides working in air-pollution abatement, however, I devote about 40 per cent of my professional time to explosion prevention and investigation. *Widespread* use of either natural gas or LPGas in mobile sources would be dangerous and foolish in my view. Mr. Levinson might be interested to know that I called the Baltimore Harbor Tunnel Authority in his native Maryland, and found that LPGas in trailers is not allowed through the tunnel because of the possibility of fire or explosion in case of an accident.

Newark, Del. RICHARD B. CARROLL

Aid to Private Schools

Linda Bridges' article on tax aid for parochial schools ["The High Price of Fanaticism," Nov. 19] errs in ascribing opposition to parochiaid mainly to liberals and ACLU types. Conservatives who oppose parochiaid are at least as numerous as liberals who do so.

Miss Bridges also fails to present the case against parochiaid fairly. Most people oppose parochiaid because parochial schools are pervasively sectarian institutions in both theory and practice, and thus tax support for them is a "sinful and tyrannical" religious tax.

On economic grounds, once small subsidies for parochial schools are approved, there would be little to prevent escalation and a consequent growth and proliferation of nonpublic school systems. As the experience of other countries has shown, dividing scarce educational resources among a number of school systems means higher taxes for lower-quality education.

With nuns rapidly vanishing from the Catholic school scene, these schools will soon be no cheaper to operate than public schools. Then we will find it is cheaper to absorb former parochial pupils into public schools than to subsidize parochial schools.

EDD DOERR
Director of Educational Relations
Americans United for Separation
Silver Spring, Md. of Church and State

"The High Price of Fanaticism" was a most lucid and welcome piece. May I point out, however, one misleading statement: Whether or not it is true that the *average* cost to parents of educating one child in a Catholic school in the New York Archdiocese is, as the article states, about $110, the cost in many parishes is

(Continues on page 1482)

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THE WEEK

■ The rage of Red China is a catchy ditty entitled "Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention." Radio stations have been broadcasting the song continuously, with pauses after each phrase so that the happy masses can catch the lyrics: *Obey orders in all your actions/Do not take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses/Turn in everything captured.* Rumor has it that Lenny Bernstein will do the recording for the Carter Burdens' Starve-In in Southampton early next year.

■ The myth has it that Republican campaigns are paid for by the "fat cats," who will be amply repaid for their contributions by government policies favoring big business, whereas the "ordinary people" altruistically send the Democrats their contributions of $5 and $10, saved out of the grocery money. Not so, says the Republican National Committee, which has put together a batch of statistics pointing out the big givers on the Democratic side. *Item:* In 1969-70 organized labor contributed over $4 million to candidates for Congress and governorships. Of this, more than 96 per cent went to Democrats. (Reminder: This money comes from union dues, many of them extracted involuntarily.) *Item:* Barry Goldwater read into the *Congressional Record* a list of people who gave $30,000 or more to the Democratic Party or its candidates in 1968. There are 31 names, and their contributions total over $2 million. This is half what Republicans in the same category gave, but still hardly negligible. *Item:* COPE, the political arm of the AFL-CIO, reported that it spent $969,328 in 1969, but, according to information read into the *Record* by Sen. Paul Fannin, that did not include the salaries of its employees. The salaries of just those making over $10,000 per year totaled $443,862, and records are not available to the public as to how much was spent on lower-level salaries.

■ "FTA" ("Free [?] The Army"), Jane Fonda's antiwar show, will tour bases in the Pacific without one of its best acts, Country Joe McDonald. Joe's mad at Jane because she runs the whole show herself (he thinks a collective should run it), is a snob who's out of touch with the GIs ("there's . . . a feeling that these Army guys are working-class and we don't like them") and twice hung up on him when he tried to complain ("we *cannot* terminate conversations with one another, because each time we do, the peace movement suffers"). Jane's pr man assures us that Joe is all wet. That's how revolutions are conducted nowadays.

■ It's into the breach once more for the National Right to Work Defense Foundation. This time it has gone to court with a suit to end the tax exemption of any labor union that uses compulsory dues for political purposes, and it is basing its case on *Green* v. *Kennedy*. In that case, brought to court by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, the tax-exempt status of private segregated schools was struck down on the grounds that the granting of tax exemption is a federal subsidy and that the private schools in question were violating the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The new case is being brought by 22 disaffected members of two unions, the International Association of Machinists and the United Automobile Workers. If they should win it—and this is the first anti-COPE case to be based on *Green* v. *Kennedy*—it could do a lot to redress the political balance next year when millions of young people vote in their first national election.

■ From a correspondent who has just completed an extensive survey of (and over) South Vietnam: ". . . I saw for myself that 'nothing' is going on in Vietnam. The isolated incidents of a Vietcong hit-and-run action are grossly publicized by the press and even by the patrols coming back and reporting the action. Most helicopter pilots inside Vietnam had this to say: 'Man, no action. Nothing.' The analyst who briefed me on the economic side was very sanguine about the country's future. He sincerely believes that the country, if help continues, can become one of the leaders of this area. He was quite convincing—and some of the things I saw convinced me also. Things such as the agricultural co-ops, the replanting of rubber by French owners of plantations, the variety of untouched timber in the north. . . ."

■ A generation of peace is not a likely goal, as the events in Pakistan should suggest to the naïve; good law in our time, however, would seem to be upon us: Last week the Senate approved the nominations of Messrs. Powell and Rehnquist Esqs. to the Supreme Court, making more appropriate than ever the appellation "The Nixon Court," concerning the decisions of which, particularly in the fields of labor law and criminal procedure, your local newspaper will, we hope, have frequent occasion to make remarks, most of them derogatory and apocalyptic.

■ Premier Georges Pompidou was persuaded to make his journey to the Azores via the supersonic Concorde

I Surrender, Dear

The Lord knows I have been among
Conservatives who feel plain stung.
The Navy's almost an antique.
The Army has begun to creak.
With Chiang about to disappear
And welfare marching from the rear,
I held my thumb beside my nose
When faced with Presidential prose.
But now with William Rehnquist in,
I'm managing a tiny grin.

W. H. VON DREELE

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001 as a public-relations spectacular to launch the hard sell by which the Anglo-French combine hopes to get the first firm orders for production models signed up by February. A price of $31.2 million has been set for the holders of the 74 options; the British and French governments are expected to squeeze the first orders out of their captive airlines, BOAC and Air France; they hope that competitive pressure will compel the other major companies to follow. No one believes that with its 120-passenger limit (less than half that of the aborted Boeing supersonic transport) the Concorde will be able to make money for its operators, even at this purchase price that means a write-off of research and development costs.

■ The Communist line on Katanga and Biafra was that breakaway regimes were evil, that any efforts to dismember Third-World nations should be resisted. But the Communist line on Pakistan is that India is right, that Pakistan should be dismembered and a free Bangla Desh nation established. How to explain it to the comrades? The *Daily World* (Dec. 14) does a pretty good job in a story headlined: FREEDOM OF BANGLA DESH AIDS DEMOCRACY FOR ALL PAKISTAN, which, as best we can follow the argumentation, makes the point that since the East Pakistanis are in the majority, if they break away and declare their freedom then democracy will have triumphed because the West Pakistanis will be the majority in what is left of Pakistan. Next question.

"When you question the rhetoric of Kunstler, Cleaver, Jackson, Abernathy, Seale, Berrigan, Hoffman, Ellsberg, Spock, Newton, Fonda, Groppi, Forman, Hall, Bacon, Leary, Davis, Wicker, Kennedy, Bayh, Humphrey, Abzug, Dellums, Javits and Lindsay, you're questioning the spontaneity of spontaneous riots!"

■ Poor Thoreau. He had to make it at Walden without any government help. Things are better now. In Washington, D.C. members of several communes—rural and city—got together and discussed ways of getting Uncle Sam to help. There are food stamps, rent supplements and, of course, welfare, not to mention lower tax brackets and reduced interest rates. Also, no matter how many there are of you, say you're all distant cousins. The gov usually gives you family-assistance aid without investigating. With all this money coming in, you'll have more time to congratulate yourselves on breaking out of the system.

■ Sahara of the Beaux Arts: The Rev. Daniel Berrigan has received the Thomas More Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to Catholic Literature in 1971" for his book *The Dark Night of the Resistance*. The most devastating comment on Catholic literature it is possible to imagine.

■ If *Variety* is to be believed (which it is, always), there is a big Government Report about to be released on the effects of "TViolence"—by, of all people, the Surgeon General. You can just bet the SG, who hates anything that is Bad For Us, will grab Violence by the throat, smash it in the face, slam it to the ground, stomp on its groin, kick it repeatedly in the stomach with hobnailed boots, gouge out its eyes and cave in its skull with a ball-peen hammer.

■ God bless those merry gentlemen at ACLU and their "constitutional guidelines" for Christmas. In a recent letter they warned that displays of nativity scenes, cribs, crosses or anything that might hint of religion in public schools violate the constitutional separation of church and state. Sometimes we concentrate so much on having a merry and happy Christmas that we forget that, above all, we should have a Constitutional Christmas.

■ The newly formed National Youth Caucus, which intends to herd millions of new voters into the polling booths next November, proudly describes itself as non-partisan. Sure enough, it absolutely opposes the election of Democrat Henry Jackson *and* Republican Richard Nixon.

■ The *Militant* informs us that the National Gay Conference at Madison, Wisconsin over the Nov. 26-28 weekend (Thanksgiving) held workshops on: "Problems of Gay Women, New Life Styles, Trans-sexuals and Transvestites, Gays in Universities, Third-World Gays,

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White Chauvinism and Racism, Gay Newspapers, Gays and the Military, Gays in Small Towns, Gay Youth, Counseling Gay People, Cuba, Gay Political Activism, Gay Liberation and Radical Politics, Gay Poetry and Culture, Gay People and the Law, Gays and Religion, Bisexuality." Whee.

■ Ladies and Gentlemen of Radical Chic, scrap your Christmas cards and run to 425 5th St. S.E., Washington D.C. where the brand new Bangla Desh Information Center has a breathtaking new line of Deck-the-Halls: Poems by Nobel Prize-winner (circa 1910) Rabindranath Tagore, illustrations by Bengali artist Qamrul Hasan.

■ *Religion and Society* is a conservative little magazine, described by its editor, Angus MacDonald, as "intellectual without being academic." It contains both secular and religious articles; its religious orientation is Christian, but nondenominational. Some of the contents of a recent issue: an article on the causes of the 1970 recession; an article on democracy in the Colonels' Greece; an article on the nonsense written through the centuries, by historians and theologians, about Jesus; an article on the anti-Russian underground in post-Dubcek Czechoslovakia, followed by fifteen poems by one of the Czech students who immolated themselves in 1968 to protest the Russian invasion. Not great poetry, but, as the author of the article says: "These poems add the human dimension to our understanding of a crucial historical event (think if Dubcek and the Czechs had prevailed!) . . . How easy it was to forget the Czechoslovakia rendered by the antiseptic prose of *Time* and *Newsweek*. How hard to forget the Czechoslovakia rendered by the verse of a boy who, in his deep anguish, could think of no more fitting reaction to his world than to take his own life as a protest." *Religion and Society* is published bimonthly, at 1415 North Second Street, Stillwater, Minnesota 55082. Subscriptions are $8 a year.

■ NOTES TOWARD THE DEMOLITION OF CULTURE (Gang-Banging Richard Nixon Div.): We already have *Millhouse*, Emile de Antonio's viciously anti-Nixon flick; and *Our Gang*, Phil "Onan" Roth's ditto ditto novel. Come spring we will have a play, *An Evening of Richard Nixon*, "built around a number of public statements made by the President throughout his political career" by that old masterbuilder, Gore Vidal; and a musical based on Joe McGinniss' *The Selling of the President*. Whatthehell, it beats working, right, Phil, Emile and Gore?

■ Must have lost something in translation: Fania Jordan, Angela Davis' sister, reports she was deeply moved when thousands of Young Pioneers in Moscow serenaded her as follows:

We shall free Angela
We shall free Angela.
Oh deep in our hearts we do believe
We shall free Angela some day!

(To the tune of "We Shall Overcome")

In Re New Hampshire

The rumbles you hear, in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Star*, the *Washington Post* and elsewhere, have to do with the impending decision of Congressman John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) whether to enter the New Hampshire Presidential primary in opposition to Richard Nixon. Last summer, twelve conservatives met in New York and "suspended" their support for Richard Nixon, in protest against the drift of his foreign and domestic policies. Among the twelve who met on that occasion were three editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and its publisher.

Meeting again in late November, the question arose whether encouraging a conservative dissenter to enter the New Hampshire primary race would be the best means for putting on record their concern over the Administration's direction and for reminding the President of the pledges he made in his campaign for office and the role conservatives played in making his election possible. On this question of means, the group was divided, but the majority voted in favor, and the proposal was in due course put to Mr. Ashbrook, who will announce his decision some time very soon after Christmas Day.

Those in favor urged the race not merely as the most effective way to state the conservative case in 1972 and give expression to conservative opinion, but because they felt it wrong and deceptive that the tendencies in the Republican Party as presented to the country by the New Hampshire primary should be seen as divided solely between Nixon and a maverick from the Left, Congressman McCloskey. They believe that a lightning rod is needed to attract the real dissent among Republicans, so that Mr. Nixon can feel the shock.

Those opposed feared not only the possible futility of a rather hastily conceived venture without any organized backing, but the fallacious impression a meager result might give Nixon (and the nation) that the conservative wing within his own party is either decimated or complacent.

NATIONAL REVIEW is not sponsoring Mr. Ashbrook's candidacy. On the other hand, if he runs we will of course endorse him (a longtime friend and colleague) as most closely embodying the opinions of this journal. Mr. Ashbrook does not intend, under any circumstances, to enter his name as a rival Presidential candidate in the general elections. —THE EDITORS

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Alas, Poor Dollar!

Dollar devaluation of a few per cent, agreed to in the Nixon-Pompidou Azores meeting, was hailed as "solving the international monetary crisis." Two comments:

1. In any direct sense there neither is nor has been an "international dollar crisis." Since Mr. Nixon's August announcement of a halt in dollar convertibility into gold at $35 an ounce and his proclamation of the import surcharge and the domestic NEP, there has been an international political crisis of sorts involving the non-Communist trading nations. The announcement set off a fierce struggle for favorable post positions in the foreign trade competition, and a feverish defensive battle by the various governments to retain political control over their domestic economic arrangements. The predicted catastrophes to international exchange markets and to international trade from loosened exchange rates did not take place. The banks, investment houses, multinational corporations, export-import firms, and unnumbered exchange dealers proved able to handle the problems of unfixed rates with a moderate amount of extra trouble and expense in the novel conditions, and no disaster. Most of the troubles that have arisen came, in fact, from the continuing interferences of governments in the monetary process; that is, from their unwillingness to permit the currencies to float freely and thus determine their own respective rates by the realistic measuring device, the forces of the marketplace.

2. Just as there has been no monetary crisis, the present moves expected to devalue the dollar and to fix new official rates for the various currencies will solve no problems. For there have been plenty of problems in the international exchange situation, even if no crisis. None of these problems, however, is settled by the proposed new agreement. Assigning a higher gold value to the dollar is an exercise in pure magic, since the new value will have no relation to the actual market value of gold, and dollars won't in any case be exchangeable for gold. It is like saying, "A widget is worth $50, but of course you can't buy or sell one." There will be no objective test to show that the new relative values assigned the different currencies are economically any more "realistic" than the old. Since they define a somewhat cheaper international dollar, they may help out the U.S. trade balance for a while. Equally well, they may reciprocally weaken some other economies, thus not giving much net help to the purported "international crisis." But the effect will be only temporary in any event. If the practices that brought on the dollar's difficulties continue, and there is no present sign of their being stopped, the difficulties will soon reappear in the setting of the new rates. Meanwhile, what is going to become of those tens of billions of dollars on the books of the foreign central banks? At the moment, most of them are buying U.S. Treasury paper, and thus financing what is to be our record deficit.

The Global Dimension

Elsewhere in this issue James Burnham analyzes the India-Pakistan war within its subcontinental frame. In our intertangled epoch, however, local conflicts of any seriousness express and affect the global equilibrium. At the simplest level of observation, this is manifest in the fact that the local conflicts are invariably fought with weapons supplied by the great powers.

What the India-Pakistan war shows and foretells about some of the major vectors in the global equilibrium is obvious enough, even on the surface of events. Confronting large-scale combat in the subcontinent, Communist

"Don't call us . . . we'll call you."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

What's the White House going to do to placate unrest among conservatives? The leading possibility seems to be a hard-slugging Nixon speech in January on national defense, but that may not be enough. Conservatives have already had substantial rhetorical satisfaction from the President; what they want now is a change in direction. Action is partly delayed by a lack of information: The White House is not yet certain just how disaffected conservatives are and what form the backlash is likely to take.

■ The primary merry-go-round may be spinning too fast for some hitherto fast runners, notably John Lindsay and Edward Kennedy. In the important Florida primary in March (a week after the 1972 campaign opens in New Hampshire), Lindsay has found himself scooped by Hubert Humphrey. Miami Mayor David Kennedy is backing Humphrey and guaranteeing a big turnout by Dade County (Miami) Democrats. Humphrey also has strong union backing. Lindsay's Florida hopes had hinged on Mayor Kennedy, whose constituency is the only one in Florida liberal enough to give him the support he needs. Edward Kennedy also will suffer if Humphrey wins big in Florida.

Florida will pit Humphrey against Jackson, Muskie, McGovern and possibly Wallace. Jackson's Florida prospects look better, now that he has decided to concentrate on campaigning down South.

■ Republican hopes to pick up Democrat William Spong's Senate seat in Virginia next year are threatened by the surfeit of candidates. Eighth District GOP Congressman William Scott has already announced his candidacy, but he is unimpressive and is regarded by other possibilities as a nuisance candidate. Virginia Republicans wonder whether Tenth District Representative Joel Broyhill will enter the race. A Draft Broyhill Committee will surface in the next few weeks, launched by people close to Senator Harry Byrd (but without Byrd's backing). Broyhill may prefer to keep his extraordinarily safe and powerful House seat. If he sits tight, the Broyhill backers will try to persuade would-have-been Supreme Court nominee Rep. Richard Poff to make the race. Governor Linwood Holton, highly unpopular with many of his fellow Republicans, may get into the act, but his power has been diminished by the disastrous showing of his lieutenant-governor candidate, George Shafran. Since a conservative Democratic challenge is now unlikely, Spong's prospects have improved markedly.

■ Mayor Daley's choice of Chicago Congressman Roman Pucinski to oppose incumbent Republican Charles Percy (who may face opposition for renomination) pits an old-line ethnic Democratic, with a good record on defense and alert antennae on busing, against one of the favorites of the Republican Left. Illinois-watchers expect Pucinski to do well in rural areas and to put Percy to a severe test in the suburbs. Similarly, in Oregon, the architect of the antibusing fight in the House, Congresswoman Edith Green, may challenge incumbent Republican Mark Hatfield, whose renomination is problematical. Mrs. Green, a conservative on education and on some social questions, has built her political base carefully and would give Hatfield a run for his money. —CATO

China, although its geography and interests are intimately involved, has been paralyzed in all organs except the throats of its diplomats—a paralysis for which the two million Soviet troops along China's northern border are sufficient, though not the sole, explanation. The United States has been able to do no more than flail about, issue a series of moralistic, empty and conflicting statements, offer meaningless motions in the UN, and order a few warships to steam hither and yon on undefined missions. The Soviet Union has been pursuing, successfully, a firm and consistent course that is the logical continuation of its prior policy over the past several years. Stripped to the immediate essential in this event, the Soviet Union has its money on the winning horse, and shares in the prize. China is left out in the cold with the loser, where the United States also finds itself in spite of some mismanaged past and present efforts to hedge its bets that have succeeded only in antagonizing all parties concerned. What stands out during the past month is the appearance of unsureness, futility and weakness in the moves of the United States compared to the directness and strength of the Soviet moves.

Thus the war is confirming the evidence gathering from many fields of the improving Soviet world-strategic position in relation to the U.S. and the Chinese positions.

More specifically, the Soviet operation in the India-Pakistan war is seen to be an integral phase of its thrust into the Indian Ocean. The bill the Kremlin will present to Mrs. Gandhi will probably include a proposal that Soviet warships shall get the use of Bombay harbor and the Andaman Islands, and that flyover and airbase rights shall be granted the Soviet air force. This would mean not only a great leap forward in the grand strategic design to dominate the Indian Ocean, but consolidation of the eastern lever for a tightening squeeze on the petroleum fields of the Middle East. Already the anchors of the western lever, at Alexandria and Aden, are at Soviet disposal.

The strategic equation will not be altered much by getting cross at Mrs. Gandhi.

Rat, for Love of Country

Here and there, from the press: "In the first three weeks of Phase II there were nearly 400,000 inquiries, complaints of violations, and appeals for exceptions to the rules of pay and price panels." "The Price Commission . . . finds it must deal with matters as minute as the price of a jar of peanut butter." "The Pay Board . . . was unable after a month of operation even to issue an application form for those who wanted to apply for wage increases." Best of all are the comments by Mr. Earl D. Rhode, Executive Secretary of the Cost of Living Coun-

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cil, perfectly expressing the spirit of Phase II to the average citizen: "The citizen's role in this program is to rat on his neighbor if his neighbor violated the controls."

America as Island?

Speaking in Athens recently, Dr. Joseph Luns, the new NATO Secretary General, warned that the strategic situation in the Mediterranean had "tipped rather heavily against NATO." He pointed out that the Warsaw Pact forces had increased in both quantity and quality, and noted that in "an incredibly short time the Soviet navy has expanded immensely" and is now the "most modern fleet in the world."

Meanwhile, in the Northern European Command, senior NATO officers report that the defensive posture has deteriorated to the point where NATO's ability to check a Soviet attack long enough for reinforcements to arrive is in grave doubt. [See also the editorial in this issue on the India-Pakistan war, commenting on the Soviet Indian Ocean strategy.]

And this month Senator Barry Goldwater, in a major Senate address, called attention to the significance of the Soviet global buildup in naval strength. "There is sound reason to believe," he said, "that the Soviets have been building their enormous seapower in an effort to take over completely the Mediterranean Sea, including both the Straits of Gibraltar and Suez Canal. . . . And for the first time many Americans are beginning to understand that ours is an island continent and that our international influence is related directly to free access to the sea. . . . Any time we decide to deploy forces overseas, we must be able to control the sea lines of communication. And there is no longer an easy assumption that this can be done. Since we no longer possess nuclear superiority, Soviet naval expansion actually threatens to negate our sole remaining capabilities to support our alliances and protect our economy. . . . And today our allies and the uncommitted nations of Eurasia and Africa see themselves as increasingly encircled by off-shore Soviet naval might." The Senator concluded with a plausible and therefore chilling scenario of Soviet intentions:

1. They will avoid nuclear war.
2. They will continue their buildup of nuclear weapons.
3. They will continue their naval expansion in blockade and missile forces.
4. They will attempt to capitalize on political unrest in Eurasia and Africa and other strategic areas.
5. They will increase "showing the flag" and continue "gunboat diplomacy" in Eurasia and Africa.
6. They will foster Communism on a worldwide basis through aid and subversion.
7. When they are ready, they will confront us with superior force in a place like Israel or Korea and we will be forced to back down.

At the present time the strategic isolation of the United States goes forward in a vacuum of Presidential leadership on this fundamental issue.

Christianity Recrudescent?

Prayers answered department: a welcome, nearly reactionary pastoral letter has emerged from closed-door sessions of the Episcopal House of Bishops called in Pennsylvania more than a month ago. References to the war, to social activism, are present as usual but muted. The stress instead is on worship, Christ-as-foundation, fund-raising and, incredibly, a modest sort of evangelism. The reasons were pragmatic not philosophic. Conservative and radical, the bishops have finally gotten it through their miters that the Church is disintegrating. Emphasis on anything but the transcendental truths has distressed the grass-roots worshipers, who have, in turn, distressed nearly all diocesan exchequers. It will be fascinating to study the sort of evangelism practiced by a church whose ecumenical relativism over the years has made it seem the lowest common denomination. Nonetheless, and whatever their reasons, Praise the Lord.

Meanwhile, up north in Hopewell Junction, the Bible Belt of New York Diocese, Bishop Paul Moore gave a sermon that turned him inside out theologically. He said that, gosh, social activism is the great American failing; he recommended a doorbell ringing campaign to increase "numbers" (long an Episcopal no-no word); he spoke favorably of Jesus Christ the Son in a supernatural context. His hearers were giddy, delighted. Of course it has been rumored that the House of Bishops had especially censured the New York Diocese for its worldliness, its political sensationalism and its continuing mission to the eleven o'clock news.

But, back in New York City, business as usual. Bishop Moore lent out St. John's Cathedral for a gigantic anti-war celebration. Five thousand were treated to the sort of rock that activist clergy seem to think Christ founded his church on. At a preliminary $50-a-ticket cocktail party there were martinis and snacks and radical-chic persons for the Bishop to pose with: Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams, David Dellinger. Canon Peter Chase, who opposed the use of church property for political purposes, later said he had to burn incense at morning service to disguise the lingering fog banks of marijuana smoke. (Surely the Lord would have preferred money changers.) The *Washington Post* quoted Bishop Moore's poor defense, ". . . it is not a partisan issue. Jesus said, 'My peace I give unto you.' And this is a celebration of peace in the Church of Christ." Pardon the Bishop: Exegesis is not his forte. The same Jesus who said, "I come not to send peace but a sword," was perhaps referring to an inner, meditative tranquility unknown to busy, propagandizing metropolitan bishops. Or was Bishop Moore recalling those long and tedious negotiations on the shape of the Last Supper table?

Let us, however, give the benefit of doubt. Maybe the invitations were sent, the gallons of gin and vermouth ordered, long before the House of Bishops met. Maybe.

—D. Keith Mano

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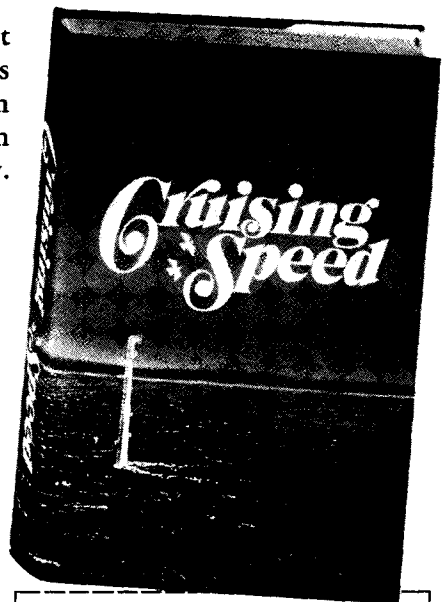
Here is your Last Chance to take advantage of this special money-saving offer: subscribe or renew *now* and save $3.00!

Don't miss this opportunity to order this unusual and vivid documentary account of a hectic week in the life of Bill Buckley — by taking advantage of our special savings offer right now, you will save $3.00 on the price of the book! Do act now!

"Cruising Speed" is an exciting and utterly absorbing book. For the first time ever, Buckley provides you with a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at his many-faceted life. You'll discover a wealth of information about everything from the operations of *National Review* to his tastes in music. You will want to add this book to your own personal library. Read about it below.



You simply won't be able to find a more entertaining or interesting book this season than "Cruising Speed." It is the perfect book for all Buckley fans – young and old alike! Besides being a journal, "Cruising Speed" offers an exclusive glimpse into the inner workings of Bill Buckley, not to mention all the many and varied things that happen to him – all written down along with his own commentary – for the first time, genuine "Buckley on Buckley"!

And what he accomplishes in one week is phenomenal: two debates, two college speeches, TV tapings, three newspaper columns, getting *National Review* published, in addition to attending special dinners, concerts, meeting with friends, answering his correspondence and writing "Cruising Speed" itself.

Travel with Bill Buckley

You will journey with Bill Buckley to Princeton and Yale for speaking engagements. There are plenty of heavy exchanges with the students, complete with a biased article in the local paper. (The complete text of the Yale speech, a *tour de force*, is reproduced in full.) And you'll share in the excitement of two lively debates: one with Dick Gregory at the University of Bridgeport, the other with Ramsey Clark in New York. (His description of the Clark debate includes a fascinating, inside view of how debater Buckley sizes up an opponent, handles an audience and plots his strategy.) You'll see him at work on his syndicated column: deciding on a subject, beating deadlines. There are "Firing Line" tapings, dinner with Truman Capote, visits with students and concerts (the brilliant Rosalyn Tureck playing Bach, and Rock at the Fillmore East).

Get Behind-the-Scenes

Not surprisingly, one of the activities that takes up the lion's share of Bill Buckley's time is reading and answering his voluminous correspondence. Letters are answered in planes, before TV tapings, in cars and between columns. His replies are just as illuminating and witty as you'd expect. (In fact, the correspondence comprises a quotable book-within-a-book).

In addition, "Cruising Speed" gives you a ringside seat for all the goings-on at National Review: you'll take part in an editorial conference, meet the staff, rush to beat the deadline, observe rewriting, etc. of the copy – everything that it takes to publish each issue of the magazine. "Cruising Speed" is also filled with Bill Buckley's reflections on a diverse number of topics and people: John Kenneth Galbraith, Pete Hamill, William Kunstler, Arthur Schlesinger, Playboy, his radio stations, and his decision to write the journal in the first place. Plus, there are anecdotes about Richard Nixon, his days at Yale, Hugh Heffner, NR's 15th Anniversary dinner, to name just a few!

What He Says

One of the unusual features of the book (even though it takes a documentary approach) is the wealth of pithy, quotable statements running the gamut from the serious to the light-hearted. Here are some examples:

"To me the First Amendment is more than a thing that talks about free speech, saying you've got to tolerate the point of view of others; it speaks of the spirit of humanity, the right to think, to be let alone, to breathe, to speak and assemble and to pray. And, if we don't insist on that for all of our people, we won't have it for any."

"I can understand the occasional necessity to execute people, but never to hurt their feelings . . ."

"I remember in the hour I spent with Mr. Cleaver the one thing I said to him that made him truly angry. It was that the Black Panther Party exists primarily for the satisfaction of white people . . . The white people like to strut their toleration, and strip themselves of their turtleneck sweaters to reveal their shame. The Panthers have only a few thousand black members, because the mass of the black people are too proud, too unaffected, to join the Panthers, to attend Leonard Bernstein's parties."

"One observes *very* intently an unknown speaker with whom one is debating, not unlike . . . the matador observing the bull: his approach to the subject of course, his command of the subject, the character of his appeal to the audience . . ."

"We arrived at Franam Hall where eight or ten students were waiting for us. I looked about anxiously. No whiskey, no coffee, no beer, no Coca-Cola, no ginger ale, no cider, no pretzels . . . I made a choking sound . . ."

You will never forgive yourself if you miss this opportunity to get your own copy of this book. Order it today!

SPECIAL SAVINGS OFFER for NR readers only!

By a special arrangement with the publisher, we were able to order copies of "Cruising Speed" in bulk quantity – enabling us to save quite a bit over the retail price of the book ($6.95). We are more than happy to pass our savings on to NR readers who want a copy of this extraordinary book.

Here is how the offer works: renew your *National Review* subscription *now* (new subscriptions are fine too!) at no more than the regular $12.00 yearly rate and pay only an additional $3.95 for the book. You pay just $15.95 in all and save $3.00 on the book. All you have to do is use the card facing this page today. Offer good *only* while our supply of these books lasts: all orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. Send for your copy today!

You will not want to miss this fascinating book. To order your copy, use the order card facing this page. Mail it today as book supply is limited.

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Child Development Veto

President Nixon's veto of the OEO bill, amended to include the comprehensive child-development proposal, is now being described as reflecting Administration indifference to children (*N.Y. Times* editorial of Dec. 11) and as an intellectually indefensible "bone he had decided to throw to the right wing of his party" (*Washington Post* editorial of Dec. 12).

Indeed, the President was correct when, in the veto message, he described the child-development provisions as "the most radical piece of legislation to come out of this Congress"—thus echoing, incidentally, the description of the bill in a previous address by Sen. James Buckley. To call the language of the bill "comprehensive" would be to engage in understatement. The government would "involve itself in comprehensive physical and mental health, social and cognitive development," it would undertake to provide "a full range of health, education and social services" for, eventually, every child in the nation regardless of income.

What is proposed here goes far beyond the concept of the "day-care center." The Federal Government, as Sen. Buckley pointed out, would become "the most important, and ultimately the strongest arbiter of child-rearing practices in the United States." The child's values and attitudes would be shaped by the social workers, educationists, psychiatrists and so on who would be interposed at the earliest possible moment—even during the first eighteen months—between the child and its parents. It is not likely, to put it mildly, that the moral, religious and social attitudes of those implementing the program would reflect the mainstream of American life, or traditional values. As Sen. Buckley observed: "I have every confidence that if the American people knew what was tucked away in Senate bill S. 2007 and its House counterparts they would be raising howls of protest from coast to coast, because I believe that the American parent is not yet prepared to delegate the development of his child to the white-coated bureaucrats who will inevitably dominate the program."

Congressman Philip Crane (R., Ill.) deserves the principal credit for calling public attention to the sly effronteries of the bill.

Ulster

At first glance, Harold Wilson's call for a united Ireland looked to be a characteristic Wilsonian ploy, designed to separate himself rhetorically from the Tories without really proposing anything substantive at all: For Wilson wrapped his unity proposal in an impossible condition—that the Ireland thus united be part of the British Commonwealth and owe allegiance to the Queen.

But there is more here than first meets the eye. For the Wilson proposals immediately received an exceptionally friendly response from Tory Home Secretary Reginald Maudling, who told the House of Commons that the government "welcomed" Wilson's initiative and was "perfectly prepared to enter into discussions that could lead to a united Ireland." What Wilson had accomplished—very likely in concert with the Tories—was to make the discussion of a united Ireland politically respectable in London. Until Wilson's move, both parties had agreed for years on the sanctity of the border between Ulster and Eire. This shift constitutes the political substance of the Wilson proposals; Queen and Commonwealth were window-dressing, doubtless added to placate Ulster Protestants.

By implication, therefore, both British political parties have now recognized the salient political reality in Ulster: the nonviability of the Stormont government. Its writ does not run for a large minority of its citizens, and it is unable, by its own resources, to ensure civil order. And given this recognition, certain logical consequences must follow. First, in the middling distance: direct rule for Ulster from Westminster, with civil order maintained by the British presence. But also, in the long run, constitutional discussions among all parties concerned to work out the method of Irish unification with suitable guarantees for minority Protestant rights.

Two obstacles exist to this scenario. It will not satisfy either faction of the IRA which sees turmoil over Ulster as leading to social revolution. And it will be resisted by a substantial segment—how large a segment is a key question—of British Protestants. But Heath, also in curious though tacit complicity with Harold Wilson, brought off Common Market entry, and, perhaps, can bring this one off too.

Importance of Col. Herbert

The image begins to blur. He came to us, the ink still wet, as Col. Herbert, the model soldier courageously bucking the system out of a sense of Duty. The *New York Times Sunday Magazine* lionized him, and bemoaned the "harassment" by craven higher-ups that was driving him out of the Army he loves. The rest of the press took up the cry; he was a natural for Dick Cavett; who knows how high he might have flown with a little help from the media.

But the glare of the spotlight revealed flaws. Egomania, for one: "I represent what the Army has stood for to the American people ever since Valley Forge." Little discrepancies, for another: Only a year and a half *after* the bad efficiency report from two superiors, and his relief from command, is there any written record of the atrocity charges he says he made at that time. (It is because of those charges, Herbert insists, that he was and is harassed.) Suggestions that Herbert himself may have been an overenthusiastic fighting man: A fellow officer told a redress hearing, after Herbert was relieved of command, that his "battalion was conditioned to do

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The Return of Edgar Smith

New York, Dec. 12—Last Monday, at Hackensack, New Jersey, at 6:45 P.M., Edgar Smith was released from prison as the American title-holder: longest sojourn in a death cell in the history of the United States. In order to effect his release, he played out the role assigned to him most dutifully. "Did you, on the night of March 4, 1957, pick up Victoria Zielinski?" "Yes, sir." "Did you drive to the sand pit?" "Yes, sir." "Did you kill Victoria Zielinski?" "Yes, sir." "Did you kill her by yourself?" "Yes, sir." "Was there anyone else present?" "No, sir." That was Smith's part of the deal.

The presiding judge, Morris Pashman, then performed his part of the bargain. Well, he told the crowded courtroom, now finally we have Smith's own admission that he killed the girl. . . . The case against Smith is "devastating." . . . Everyone now believes him to be guilty. . . . However, he has served more than fourteen years in prison and his rehabilitation is impressive. . . . He has written two books, learned a great deal about the law, submitted to a psychiatric examination. . . . Under the circumstances, . . . I sentence him to 25 to thirty years in prison, and I suspend the balance of the sentence, and place Edgar Smith on probation.

The state of New Jersey was well pleased with itself.

In a way, it had a right to be. Smith had been convicted at a time when it was unanimously believed that he killed the girl. But there were doubters, stubborn doubters. Judge after judge turned down Smith's appeals, based on alleged irregularities in the procedures that brought him to trial. Every state court in New Jersey denied him, and twice he came within hours of execution.

Then, finally, the Supreme Court acted, a lower court heard the case, and the conviction was reversed. The state of New Jersey was given an ultimatum: either try Smith again within sixty days, or let him go free. In the jubilation felt that day by Smith's friends and supporters, we did not know that the worst agony was now programmed.

AT FIRST, he was resolute. He wrote on June 23, "I told SFL [one of his lawyers] that my intentions at this time are to force the state to a new trial if Judge Gibbons' ruling holds up. I know of nothing that might change my mind."

When the courts denied him bail pending the new trial he egged on his lawyers. "I want to know why we quit. I can take losing the bail; I cannot tolerate giving up, not trying, quitting."

And on August 24. "I have said it before, and I restate it here. It is my desire to be retried as ordered by Judge Gibbons, and I fully expect this case to go to trial again. I do not expect to change this position except in the face of an exceedingly favorable offer from the other side, which I regard as highly unlikely. . . . The longer I contemplate standing up in court and pleading 'Guilty,' the more unlikely it becomes that I will ever do it. If I were you, I would bet against it ever happening."

For a while, admiring though he was of his exhaustively loyal and able lawyers, Smith considered appearing as counsel in his own behalf, pleading for bail. He asked my opinion and I gave it. He replied, "I was pleased to receive your letter about acting as counsel and arguing the bail myself. What costume would you suggest? My regular clothes? That would add a nice touch, especially the faded blue denim work shirt with my number stenciled across the back. 'May it please my Lords and Ladies . . . ?' That's what I like about you, Bill—you're one of the few people I know who is smart enough to take me seriously."

But then the realities began to crowd in. Another trial. Before there could be a trial, there would have to be pretrial motions. Was the indictment proper? Shouldn't they apply for a change in venue? Couldn't the state reintroduce the excluded statement—wrested from Smith, in the opinion of the federal courts, by the grey flannel suit equivalent of the third degree—by introducing into evidence his book wherein he gave the contents of that statement? Did he really want to identify and call in as a witness his former wife, now happily remarried and living in a community where no one knows that she was once Mrs. Edgar Smith? And his daughter, months old at the time of the crime, who is unaware that her stepfather isn't actually her father? Who would raise the money for all of this? What if the jury proceeded to find the circumstantial case against him convincing, and convicted him of murder in the second degree? Was he prepared to run the risk, after all that effort, of another four years in solitary confinement?

Oct. 31. "I do not like this deal," he wrote. "I think it is about as bad a deal as we could have made, but I do not see that I have any choice unless I want to sit in this place. . . . I have no doubt that I will always regret the decision to quit, but I also see that I have no choice. We will talk about it some day. P.S. Do me a favor. Don't plan any celebrations for me. I am not going to be in a celebrating mood after this, and I would rather get away by myself for a while."

TO LIVE IS to temporize. Smith mused over a year ago that everyone who thought him guilty would continue to think him guilty irrespective of how a jury at a new trial decided. And that everyone who thought him innocent, would continue to think him innocent, irrespective of how another jury ruled. Why a new trial, in that event? Pride.

A court of law is many things besides a truth-finding mechanism. It is a chamber in which subtle social and institutional conciliations are effected. The wounded pride of the state of New Jersey had to be healed, after the humiliation it suffered from the federal courts. How to do that?—except by insisting that however illegal the means by which the evidence was collected, in fact they had got the right man? Edgar Smith's claim to liberty had crystallized undeniably from his protracted struggle, at the low point of which he had left only a doting, proud mother, and a fine, unhoned mind which became, after his dark night, a file by which, working at high sweat, he finally sawed through the bars that kept him caged in an eight-by-eight cell from the time that Dwight Eisenhower began his second term of office.

Well, he may not be in a mood for celebration. But I cannot believe that his struggle will be uncelebrated in the annals of the human spirit. And it is always possible that the man who really did it will one day identify himself. Meanwhile, Smith can stop fighting. The knock on his door won't be the executioner's.

—WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

("On the Right," Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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things in combat which I, as a commander, would have taken action to prevent. I think they overreacted in some instances, and I think there were cases where there were civilians who were killed who probably didn't have to be killed." Maj. Gen. John W. Barnes, Herbert's superior (and one of his alleged harassers), recalls that "every time his battalion reported an action, there were . . . fewer weapons in relation to the kills that they got than there were in any other battalion. I felt in my heart he was killing civilians, but I could not prove it."

Finally, there emerges a certain caginess, a tendency to equivocate. Fellow officers remember that Col. Herbert's accounts of field operations, especially body counts, tended to change from one day to the next. More recently, precisely at the time he and his lawyers were charging "muzzling by the Army" because he was denied permission to tape a second appearance on the Cavett show, Col. Herbert was completely available to reporters. When George McGovern announced that Col. Herbert would join his campaign staff, the Colonel didn't say yes and he didn't say no: "I don't believe a man in uniform has the right to discuss politics or make political statements . . ." A little Heepish, coming from one who has very publicly announced that he will leave the Army in three months.

But what is important here is not Colonel Herbert's guilt or innocence, veracity or lack of it. He is used to playing a role: The Army put him on display all over the world, several years ago, as the perfect example of the American citizen-soldier. Now he himself says he represents the best traditions of the Army. His friends in politics and the liberal media are only too ready to agree, for it is in that role that he is of maximum use to them—much more use than a Calley or a Kerry. If he hadn't existed, they'd have had to invent him. Which, come to think about it, perhaps they did.

Chilean Notes

Fidel Castro left Chile on December 4 presumably in order to escape the "escalation of fascist sedition" there: the "March of the Empty Pots" in which a) over five thousand Santiago housewives demonstrated against the food crisis, and b) merchants, farmers and small businessmen jammed Caupolicán Stadium in protest against the Allende government's chaotic economic policies. President Allende acted swiftly. He called out the *carabineros*, imposed curfews, suspended two radio stations *and* his subjects' rights of assembly and habeas corpus, and suspended the opposition paper *Tribuna* "for serious offenses against the President and the armed forces." . . . On Wednesday, December 8, Dr. Allende turned to the food crisis. It was caused, said he, because under his beneficent regime more people had bought food than ever before, and the solution lay in the government's assuming control over all food distribution. . . . And, on December 10, Allende, having came to power promising that Chile would "terminate agreements with the International Monetary Fund and put an end once and for all to the scandalous devaluations of the escudo," devalued the escudo by 30 per cent and borrowed forty million desperately needed dollars to stem Chile's dwindling foreign reserves. It's uphill, fighting fascism.

A Scenario

Dacca falls, and Bangla Desh
Takes its several pounds of flesh.
Mrs. Gandhi, scarcely scarred
(She's a girl who plays real hard),
Knocks off Kashmir in a week—
Still imprisoning its sheik.
Meanwhile, for her warm support,
Russia wins a naval port.
Then, presumably, we wing
Off to Moscow in the spring.

W. H. VON DREELE

La Vita Nuova

"Three large windows present a spectacular view of the East River. The décor is expensively modern. Two deep brown leather couches confront each other across a square glass coffee table under a silver lamp arched halfway across the room. On a dining table near the windows, a French maid has now set lunch: melon, chicken, tomatoes, ginger ale. But we barely have time to munch some chicken before rushing to the airport."

We're at the Bernsteins', right, and Lenny's off to a concert? Wrong. We're at the Ellsbergs' New York pad, a sort of hideaway they use when Danny isn't up in Cambridge, and the description is by the *Times*' J. Anthony Lukas, writing adoringly in the *Sunday Magazine*. (Still, that French maid, though she must have shuddered at the menu, is an absolutely authentic touch. Perish the thought that the Ellsbergs would have black servants.) Anyway, Dan is hurrying off for a tour on the radical-chic circuit.

First there's a stop in Washington for an award from the Federal Employees for Peace and a speech by Dan. Note the idiom of his peroration: "'Brothers and sisters, I am really high on you. . .'" Then on to LA aboard a 747. "He holds the champagne glass up to the window, catching the dying red glow [of the sunset] and swirling it there among the bubbles." An open Mustang convertible speeds us along the Santa Ana Freeway, the wind in Dan's hair. Wheee. Tony Russo's court hearing. Tony has a Fu Manchu mustache. He's in prison for refusing to testify re the Pentagon Papers. "For the past eighteen days, he has been fasting in his cell to protest the events at Attica . . ."

Then whoosh we're on another jet to Chicago. ("A

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stewardess comes to take our order. 'Will you have veal française, chicken coconut or filet mignon?' ") And everybody is at Orchestra Hall in Chicago for a Peace Awards bash. Ramsey Clark is emcee. A giant spotlight probes the night sky. Receiving awards: Joan Baez, Wayne Morse, George Wald, David Schoenbrun, John Kerry. Joan Baez lays two American flags on the stage and says they're an obscenity. Pete McCloskey bends over and picks them up. Baez lays them down again. McCloskey picks them up again and introduces Ellsberg.

Then Ramsey and Pete and Wayne and George and just everybody rush off to Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion. January's Playmate is on hand. Dan and George and Tony are in the pool. "I hear a little giggle from Patricia. Turning around, I see two naked women at the window. A tableau of the American peace movement in 1971—Ellsberg, Russo, Wald and four breasts bobbing in their wake."

Staughton Lynd joins us at Eqbal Ahmad's for chicken, rice and red wine. Dan is on the Kupcinet TV talk show. He does a tape for Studs Terkel. Dan always seems to be weeping, or, when not weeping, embracing someone warmly. He has blue-grey eyes that "snap electrically." A girl describes Dan: "He's this lovely soft man, with a beautiful half-smile. He's such a mixture of strength and gentleness, and, oh, he's looked at me."

Back in New York, resting up for the next swing, the Rand Corporation and Department of Defense days gone, long gone, Dan and his wife Pat have dinner at a Greek restaurant in Greenwich Village with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin.

On Dan's bulletin board in Cambridge there hangs "a child's note." "Dear Mr. Ellsberg . . . Your the biggest hero we got. P.S. Thank you. P.S.S. My family thinks so too. Love from Meg Van Doren."

Notes & Asides

■ Please note, librarians especially, that, following custom, *NR* will not publish the first week in January, so that the first *Bulletin* of the year will be dated January 14, the first magazine January 21.

■ MEMO TO: C. H. Simonds
FROM: WFB

Who had does not contract to "*who'd.*"
He has does not contract to "*he's.*"

MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: C. H. Simonds

Subject: Lines to the man who succeeded, after sixteen years of education had failed, in teaching me the difference (I forget it just now) between "which" and "that"; and who has just called yet another failing to my horrified attention . . .

What'd I do widout Buckley?
He's wonderful—really, he's swell!
If he wasn't here, who'd do that voodoo
(Or voo'd who?) that he do so well?
When I "who'd" where I'd ought to've "who had";
When, seized by the sleazes, I "he's";
A missive descends
(It never offends);
I never defend,
But promise to mend;
To avoid future howlers
I brush up on Fowler's—
But way down deep I mourn Bill's actions:
He lacks the courage of my contractions.

■ Sir: Re your telecast discussion with Ambassador Bush: You used the word "des *you* etude." The only pronunciation for "desuetude" I've ever heard or can find authorization for is "*des* we tude." Tsk! tsk!

Cordially,
Gerald Mayer
White Plains, New York

Check your OED. *And, herewith, your tsk back. Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I beg to let you know that on your *Firing Line* show which featured Miss Efron and Mr. Rooney, which was aired November 22 in Miami, Florida, you mispronounced the word "aposiopesis." Yours sincerely,

Arthur Proner
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

A-po-sigh-o-pesis is out. They're all saying, these days, a-po-syo-pesis. Ask anybody. —*WFB*

■ Bill: A Christmas dividend from Bill von Dreele:

THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS

On the twelfth day of Christmas
I burned my Christmas tree:
Meany wants money,
Spiro acts funny,
Phase II is slipping,
My nose is dripping,
(Pass me a tissue),
Peace is the issue!
Jim Buckley's balking,
Bill Buckley's talking,
Drat the recession,
Let's go and freshen . . .
And I'll give George McGovern the knee-e-e.

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

MEN WILL BE MEN

THE CURRENT SCRIMMAGE between India and Pakistan should surely be the least surprising of wars. The major premise for inevitable war was laid down by the terms of the 1947 partition. Britain, frantic to get the independence business over with, traced on the subcontinental map the boundaries of a theocratic state without geographical, historical, ethnic or economic roots, a state that could not survive. Between the two blobs labeled "Pakistan" ("Land of the Pure" in Urdu, official but not prevailing language of the assigned population), there lay a thousand miles of India. The predominantly Bengali people of the eastern segment, ethnically identical to the Bengalis of eastern India, differed in language, style, custom and occupation from the diverse and conflicting races of the western segment. The common though not identical Islamic faith of most of the citizens was a cement of sorts, but not more able to withstand the multiple forces of division in the subcontinent than elsewhere in the modern world.

An East Pakistan politically linked to an unfriendly Islamic West Pakistan government was a lump in India's throat. Geopolitically West Pakistan, Kashmir apart, is tolerable from the point of view of most Indian interests except her enduring imperial inclinations; in fact, West Pakistan, Afghanistan and Iran are a useful buffer between India and her too big brother to the north. But East Pakistan is (or was) a wedge driven smack into Indian land. Moreover, India's own volatile Bengalis are exceedingly sensitive to what the Bengalis in East Pakistan think and feel and do, so that the New Delhi government cannot ignore what goes on across the formal border.

War, War Is Better Than Jaw, Jaw

War has been present from the beginning, as threat or actuality, and has periodically broken into the open. The various clashes *prior* to this year took a million lives.

The electoral triumph, last March, of the East Pakistan autonomy movement added the minor premise proving the conclusion that war was high on the agenda, as a number of observers (including *NR*) soon recognized and stated. In theory there were no doubt "solutions" other than fighting. West Pakistan President Yahya Khan might have "accepted the democratic verdict" of the East Pakistani voters and negotiated a new home-rule constitution with their leader, Sheik Mujib, instead of throwing him in jail and sending the army. India might have "exercised restraint," appealed to the UN and World Opinion, etc.

Human beings don't act that way. The issue had intensified to a point at which men fight. Yahya Khan and Mrs. Gandhi both understand that East Pakistan was not going to settle down at a home-rule halfway house, and they also understood that the UN, the World Court, and the Friends of Peace would do nothing more than temporize while declaiming pious clichés. What was posed on the subcontinent was the old fighting issue: Who shall be master? Either Yahya Khan was going to beat his rebellious eastern subjects back into submission to a politically unitary Pakistan government, or Mrs. Gandhi and her generals were going to blow open East Pakistan's path to formal independent existence within India's political field of force. Given the power equation, it was a forlorn as well as the only hope for Yahya Khan, unless he manages to entice the great powers into direct involvement.

Naming "the aggressor" and assigning moral blame in episodes of this sort exhaust much verbal energy without producing any very tangible results. As in the case of most fighting, the roots of this conflict are too closely intertwined. So far in human history the plain fact is that men fight every now and again, and if nothing comes along to fight about, they invent it.

"Whether war is a necessary factor in the evolution of mankind may be disputed," Gen. J. F. C. Fuller remarks at the beginning of his great *Military History of the Western World*, "but a fact which cannot be questioned is that, from the earliest records of man to the present age, war has been his dominant preoccupation. There has never been a period in human history altogether free from war, and seldom one of more than a generation which has not witnessed a major conflict."

Portrait of the Artist

It is this self-portrait that men in our day, preferring ideological illusion to historical reality, seek to hide under a verbal sheet. They do not thereby prevent fighting and war: witness the continuous fighting that has gone on since the founding of the United Nations ushered in the Era of Peace. On the contrary, the refusal to face reality often leads to a neglect of timely measures that might abort a particular fight, restrain or shorten a given war, or assure a more favorable outcome.

Surely it is clear by now (to cite a second instance) that fighting of one sort or another is not going to end in Ireland for longer than a recess until Ireland is a single nation. There would be a better chance to reduce the amount of that fighting and improve the outlook for the future consolidated nation if the reality of the fighting were faced openly, not hidden under formulas about "no constitutional negotiations while terrorism and rebellion continue." Isn't it obvious that as matters have developed, the terrorist bombs and the British Sten guns *are* the "constitutional negotiations"?

President Nixon told C. L. Sulzberger a while ago that he believed there was "a real chance" the United States would never again be at war. I wonder what history books Mr. Nixon has been reading lately. Not Livy's, it's for sure. "No great state," Livy sums up, "can long be in peace. If it lacks an enemy abroad it finds one at home, just as powerful bodies seem protected against infection without, but are of themselves weighed down by their very strength." □

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MRS. HEATH'S CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

A Correspondence, Non-Fictional, among
A Young Boy,
A Housewife,
A Headmaster
and the Young Boy's Brother

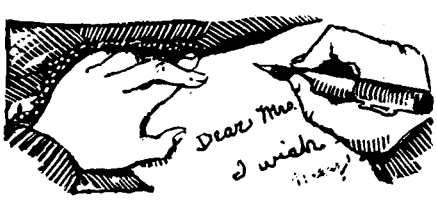
Before You Say No...

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

March 7

DEAR Mrs. Heath:

I wish to ask you a great favor. My brother David goes to Cranwell and he says they go easier on brothers, so I might have a chance to get in even though my grades aren't so terribly good. But I need three letters of recommendation and I have one from a priest and one from a nun and my father says he thinks the third one better be from someone who is not a priest or a nun. You are not a priest or a nun but yet you know me intamitely from me having delivered your paper even that bad day right after Christmas when their was no school and the *Times* boy didn't deliver his customers, and from those Catholic Christmas cards you always buy, and from the jack lantern pumpkins I helped you carve three years in a row, and the Easter Eggs, and a lot of other things.



(Like the time I picked up John when he broke his arm and taught Priscilla how to ride a two-wheeler.)

Before you say no, I did break the trampoline but I didn't honestly know how heavy I was, because I grew very suddenly and the only reason I was always on the roof was because of my gliders which you said I could get if they were on the roof, and the time you wouldn't let me come in your back yard for three weeks that time, Catholic Word of Honor, John started it and it was not my fault because Scout's Honor, I only gave John the most compleatly gentle kind of tap so he would go home so Georgie Cunningham wouldn't beat him up, because you know how Georgie is when he get's mad. Because John threw a mud ball at him on his bycicle. Not that you were wrong, but that I'm explaning now, because you were so mad then you wouldn't give me a chance to explane, because John got their first and he fed you a lot of garbage. But I still like John, he is a fine young boy, he has been well brought up by his Mother.

But even if sometimes you don't get along with me too well, I always think of you as my "Oldest Friend" so I hope you will do me this great favor of writing me a letter of recommendation.

Thanking you for your trouble,

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

P.S. Thank you for the pennies of which I already had the 1926 San Francisco mint but I did not have the 1921 Denver. Do you have a 1905 Indian Head, I will pay one nickel, clear profit of four (4)¢?

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

March 7

Dear Peter:

I would be glad to write you a letter of recommendation to Cranwell, and I am very flattered that you asked me. Of course, I will have to tell the Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth, so I hope nobody will be careless enough to allow my letter to fall into the hands of the police. I can't tell you how much I would miss you if you had to spend the next ten years in a reformatory.

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.S. No, I haven't got a 1905 Indian Head, which saddens me very much, but what saddens me more is the fact that even after three years acquaintanceship you don't know me well enough to realize that I also know that this particular penny is worth $6.00! You and your 4¢ profit—hah! I've told you and *told* you about my high I.Q. Don't you believe me? However, just to show you I bear no grudge, I will give you my duplicate of the 1911 no mint mark—for free yet!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.P.S. Don't worry about my letter. I will bet you one dollar (from me) to one doughnut (from you) that you will get into Cranwell—not because you're such a hot-shot, you understand, but because if I'm crazy enough to like you, your priest and your nun are probably suffering from the same form of insanity. On the other hand, they may know you even better than I do, God help them!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

March 9

To Whom It May Concern:

Peter Bailey-Gates has been in and out of my house almost daily for the past three years—by "almost," I mean those short sentences of exile which I have been unkind enough to impose

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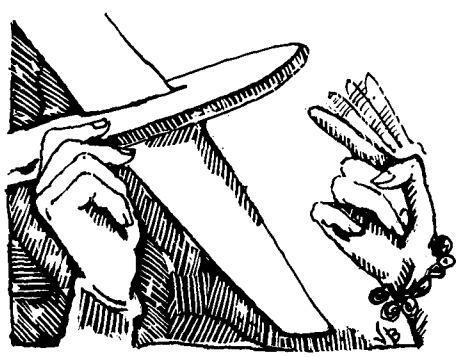
upon Peter—and in that time I have come to know him very well indeed: as friend, paper boy, fellow penny-collector, and as combined decorator, waiter and entertainer at my younger children's birthday parties.

I have found Peter to be unfailingly good-humored, well-mannered and considerate—all of which qualities stand him in good stead in his relations with the public, which are many and varied. I am sure that no boy in New England, much less West Hartford, has been engaged in so many intricate business enterprises as Peter Bailey-Gates. I have bought, hired, subscribed to, invested in, paid and been paid interest on fully a dozen of his ventures in the past three years—not even counting his snow-shoveling, leaf-raking, apple-picking and garbage-can-toting, for which my own young sons are recruited. Peter's financial sense is, however, no deterrent to his feeling for what is fitting and proper: when he washed the car of the seventy-year-old spinster who lives nearby, for instance, he was careful to explain (lest I should find out, I suppose!) that he had refused payment only because she had "no man to make money for her"; again, when he asked me to take an ad in his projected *Colony Road News* and I was so irreverent as to reserve two inches of space for the slogan "HOORAY FOR MRS. HEATH" Peter of-



fered to refund my dollar because he had caused my ad to appear as "COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND." I must, however, state categorically that Peter has faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled his share of every and any contract between us, whatever it may have been. (And the fact that one or two of these contracts have been rather clearer to Peter than to me, has been indignantly attributed by my own children to my habit of doing jigsaw puzzles, reading, watching television programs and saying "Uh-hunh" simultaneously, when I should have been *listening*. My husband affirms this judgment.)

Lest my young friend sound barely lower than the angels, I must add that his fertile imagination combined with his thirteen-year-old sense of humor, have led, on occasion, to my addressing him with "harsh words and unkind"—("You know perfectly well that when I told you last Tuesday you could climb upon the roof to get your glider, I didn't mean you could buy ten *more* gliders and *aim* them at the—and by the way, I hope you didn't buy them with the lottery money for the bicycle horn—when are you going to *have* that lottery anyway? I bought those tickets six weeks ago!" And much more.) These irrational, if predictable crises of the adult world leave Peter possibly repentant, probably remorseful, but certainly unruffled. He is more sophisticated today than three years ago, when, at the age of ten, he frequently urged me not to get my liver in a quiver. Today, when Peter and I have what he refers to as "a difference of opinion," he retires with complete equanimity to his own back yard until such time as my ill-humor subsides. My change of mood is apparently picked up by Peter's extra-sensory perception within the hour, for whenever I decide that the time has come for forgiving and forgetting, he appears at my front door within fifteen minutes, to assure me he *has* forgiven and forgotten. By way of proof (or penance?) he then resumes without rancor his status as our daily visitor.

Needless to say, our friendship is steadfast.

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH
(Mrs. Benjamin Heath)

March 15

CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Office of the Principal

Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath
29 Colony Road
West Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I am very grateful to you for your detailed and colorful description of Peter Bailey-Gates.

Many of Peter's accomplishments can be put to good use at School. Leaf-raking and snow-shoveling are part of our punitive curriculum. Endowed with all the energy which you describe, I am sure that Peter will be an early candidate for demerits.

We will try to keep pace with Peter. What substitute we will have when the occasion arises for Peter to "retire to his own back yard" we will try to figure out during the year.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. BURKE, S.J.
(Rev.) Charles E. Burke, S.J.
Principal

March 15

Dear Mimi and Dad:

Please excuse the paper, for I'm in study hall, and since something happened tonight, which made me feel pretty proud of my little (little? Ha Ha) brother Peter, I thought I'd tell you about it, unless you already know. This has also changed practically my entire attitude toward Father Burke who has practically never been known to crack a smile in the memory of the oldest graduate.

Not more than five minutes ago, during the break between study hall hours, Father Burke called me and showed me a letter which Mrs. Heath had written to him about Peter. It described Peter to a tee. All of the letter was praiseworthy about him, and had been written just about Peter and nothing else. Father Burke was astonished and asked me if it was all true, and I told him it was, and he said in that case PETER GETS IN!! . . .

Say hello to the little kids for me please, and tell them "Big Dave" will be home soon.

Love and prayers,
YOUR SON DAVID

Dear Pete—Boy, does Mrs. Heath sure have your number. Father Burke said he can hardly wait to get you up here to knock it out of you. Love and kisses.

DAVE

Aloïse Buckley Heath, who died in 1967, was the oldest daughter of the William F. Buckleys of Sharon, Conn. This exchange of letters, first printed in NR *in 1958, was picked up by the* Reader's Digest *and published in its American and many of its international editions.*

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SOVIET MENTAL HOSPITALS

The Government of Doctor Caligari

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

The following is based upon an address delivered on December 3, 1971 to a Conference on Literature and Politics in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, *held at Stanford University, December 2-4, 1971, with the participation of experts on East European Literature and Politics from many countries.*

AT THE SAME MOMENT that the address was being delivered, the same theme was being considered at a World Psychiatric Association Congress being held in Mexico City. The Congress was in receipt of appeals from such distinguished Soviet scientists as nuclear physicist Andrei Sakharov and such literary figures as Dmitri von Mohrenschildt, editor of the Russian Review, *as well as appeals from the World Federation of Mental Health (which concluded its congress in Hong Kong on November 25), the British Columbia Medical Association which asked for a resolution condemning the "unethical and anti-humanitarian activity" of police-dominated psychiatrists in the USSR, the Vancouver and the All-Canadian Psychiatric Associations, the* British Psychiatric Journal, *and a group of archbishops of the Russian Orthodox Church meeting outside the Soviet Union to adopt their appeal against "the corrupt use of psychiatric hospitals." Despite this pressure from the members of their own profession, and shocked editorials in the* Washington Post, *the* New York Times, *the* London Times, L'Express, *the Swedish press and radio, and many other public and scientific bodies, a secret conference of the World Psychiatric Association leaders on December 2, from which the press was excluded, decided to refuse to show solidarity with the police-pressed Russian psychiatrists compelled to violate their Hippocratic Oath, and to leave the victims of the police psychiatric methods without support from the psychiatrists of the world—on the legalistic grounds that they might alienate the Russian delegation (which contained more than the usual quota of police psychiatrists) and on the further ground that their constitution did not "provide the mechanism" whereby attempts might be made to raise the standards of psychiatry among their sixty thousand members. They even prohibited debate or discussion of the practice complained against. How much cowardice, and how much knavery was involved one cannot know, but it is significant that around the conference in Mexico City, there were not lacking men to approach the reporters with the explanation that the sufferings of the KGB victims in insane asylums in Russia was nothing but a sinister myth of the American CIA. Indeed, Professor Andrei V. Snezhevsky, Chief Psychiatrist of the Soviet Ministry of Health and a reporter to the Congress, did not hesitate to call a press conference in defiance of the "no discussion" decision, in which he too charged that painfully detailed stories of such men as Jaurès A. Medvediev in his book,* A Question of Madness, *were nothing but "a maneuver of the cold war carried out by the hands of experts."*

—BDW

IN 1955, with that remarkable nose of his for sniffing every slightest change in the breeze, Ilya Ehrenburg published in this country his novel *The Thaw*. Thereby he started a new trend among those of our Soviet experts who belong to the *Candide* school of Sovietology. But I who have seen the great iceflows crashing and breaking up in the spring on the Moscow River could see no resemblance between the freeing of the frozen river and Ehrenburg's *Thaw*. Hence, reviewing his book in the late lamented *New York Herald Tribune*, I commented that it looked like a thaw on a ground of permafrost. The recently published paper of Vera Dunham on the "Stalinist Debris" that still clutters up the Moscow popular literary scene painfully confirms my gloomy view of the transient thaw both as against the wishful thinking of Ehrenburg and of the *Candide* school of Sovietology. The Dunham paper, as now made available to us, does not paint a pleasant picture of the Moscow literary scene at the close of 1971, but there is no point in blaming a conscientious messenger for bad tidings. Any complaints should be addressed to the proper party—and I mean *party*—and to its grim yet faceless spokesman, Ilyich II, who can properly be distinguished from Ilyich I Bolshoi [the great] by granting him his proper title of Ilyich Malenkii [the little].

When Stalin died, no one, I thought, would ever be able to improve upon or add anything to his terrifying discoveries in the art and science of confession and torture. But now I must recognize that though his lieutenants have borrowed from his arsenal of tortures with a certain self-denying restraint, perhaps to make up for that very moderation they have invented a new torment that in important respects out-Stalins Stalin and out-Hitlers Hitler. It is not part of the Stalinist debris which Vera Dunham has examined, and, in a sense, it even overshadows the oft-asked question: "Are they restoring Stalinism?"

SINCE IN the Soviet Union power is knowledge and power over everything is knowledge of everything, we must trace this new invention back to Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev who, until October 16, 1964, knew everything from how a painter should paint, a milkmaid milk, or a psychiatrist diagnose to how an astronaut should find proof of atheism among the stars. On March 10, 1963, we find him telling the readers of *Pravda* how it is possible for human beings living under Soviet rule still to

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withhold their admiration. "Can there still under Communism be breaches of public order and deviations from the collective will?" he asks himself. And he answers himself: "There can be. . . . It cannot be supposed that the rules of community life will be safe from violation by persons who are mentally deranged." But since Khrushchev was not as humorless or as ruthless as his stony faced successor, he did not often enforce his sweeping verdict that he who does not accept the regime with joy must be mad.

Today the chief psychiatrist and the chief everything else is Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, and his chief assistant in police-administered psychiatry is Yuri V. Andropov, head of the KGB.

THE PRINCIPLES under which the police science of psychiatry operates are:

First, rehabilitate the prisoner, i.e., bring him to accept the methods of the dictatorship as normal and his dislike of them as abnormal and, indeed, insane.

Second, pledge him to keep silent about his treatment, his questioning, his torments.

Third, bring him around to recognizing that the mere insistence of the applicability to life of the Bill of Rights of the Soviet Constitution is in itself a form of madness.

Fourth, make it clear to him that if he concerns himself both with freedom and his profession of poet, novelist or scientist, that this is an evidence of a split personality or schizophrenia. Thus the distinguished geneticist and molecular chemist Jaurès Medvediev was given the diagnosis of: "Incipient schizophrenia accompanied by delusions of reforming society . . . split personality expressed in the need to combine scientific work in his own field with publicist activities . . . lack of a sense of reality, poor adaptation to the social environment . . . paranoia in the form of reformist illusions." And one must bear in mind that Medvediev was more gently diagnosed (only "*incipient* schizophrenia") and more gently treated than most of the victims because of the high standing of the visitors to his madman's cell, such writers as Tvardovsky and Kaverin and such scientists as Kapitsa and Sakharov.

Fifth, use hypodermic needles to inject substances that bring on high fevers and that may unhinge the mind. Among the drugs that have been listed by my informants as being injected intramuscularly are sulphazine and aminazine.

Sixth, tie the supposed patient into a bed containing warm wet sheets, strapping him to his bed with wet plaited fabric thongs that contract steadily on drying, causing unbearable pain.

Seventh, for resisting the policeman-psychiatrist and fighting against the medicines, the injections or other treatments, tie the "violent" patient to his cot for three days at a stretch without a bedpan or opportunity to go to the toilet.

At this point I should like to disgress to tell the story of what is perhaps the greatest, in any case surely one of the greatest films in the history of cinema, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, produced in Germany in 1919. At that moment, Germany hung suspended between the madness of total war which had just ended and the madness of Adolf Hitler which was only beginning. The authors of the film were an officer of the German infantry, *Captain Janowitz*, who had returned from the slaughter a convinced pacifist with a deep hatred of the authority in power which could send millions of men to deal in death, and a younger man, *Karl Mayer*, a strolling player, who went from fair to fair playing bit parts in rural theaters and whose youth had been darkened by his father's suicide and his own unpleasant encounters with a military psychiatrist. Since the film as finally produced was done by a commercial company that insisted upon giving it a happy ending to make it saleable, I want to go back *to the original scenario.*

It begins at a fair in a small town where a strange looking heavily bespectacled man who calls himself Dr. Caligari is giving a side show in which he makes a hypnotized somnambulist called Cesare step out of a coffin and obey all his commands. This Caligari has had a run in with the official who licenses side shows at the fair and the next day the official is found murdered in his room by a dagger. At the show as Cesare is made to step out of his coffin, Caligari says: "Cesare will answer questions concerning the future of anyone in the audience." Two students named Allen and Francis question him. Allen asks: "How long do I have to live?" Cesare: "Until dawn!"

At dawn Francis learns that his friend, Allen, has been stabbed to death in the same way as the licensing official. Francis and the father of his sweetheart force their way into the showman's wagon with a search warrant, but Cesare escapes with his dagger and carries off the screaming girl in the darkness. Caligari flees too and when the two men follow him he seeks refuge in an insane asylum. The two men then go to complain to the director of the asylum. To their horror they find *sitting in the director's chair, Dr. Caligari!*

TO RETURN from fantasy to reality, I have now the names and locations of *eight police psychiatric hospitals and fourteen general psychiatric hospitals which maintain a special floor and a special department for the science of police psychiatry.* Some of the wisest and the sanest men in Russia have had to undergo treatment in them. The Lord High Police Psychiatrist who orders and manages these tortures is Yuri V. Andropov.

When we go to the director of that vast asylum in which the Soviet people are held by walls and dogs and guns and border guards, with the intention of complaining against Yuri Andropov and his sadistic psychiatric agents, we find that the Director is wearing thick rimmed glasses, his grim jowly face covered with a mask of omnicompetence and omniscience. We ask him to remove the glasses and the mask. To our horror we discover that the director of this great country and this great people is none other than Dr. Caligari, alias Ilyich Malenkii.

Hence, I must add to the Stalinist debris so ably portrayed by Professor Dunham, this new and more fiendish harassment of Russian intellectuals and those athirst for freedom. The wise and the sane are being put into lunatic asylums by paranoid dictators. Until this ceases, from this day forward, the government of Leonid I. Brezhnev and Yuri Andropov shall have to be regarded as the *government of Dr. Caligari.* □

Bertram D. Wolfe, an expert on Russian history and Hispanic and Slavic affairs is a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace in Stanford, California. His books include Three Who Made a Revolution *and* An Ideology in Power: Reflections on the Russian Revolution.

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THE ECONOMY

Unions: Scapegoat for Inflation

ALAN REYNOLDS

THE SUPPORT of conservatives and businessmen for continuing wage and price controls seems based largely on the stubborn hunch that, without controls, unions would have unlimited power to raise wage rates. Though conservatives realize that we cannot have a free economy without free pricing, their concern about inflation often leads to the belief that we must, however reluctantly, choose government power over union power, socialism over syndicalism.

Trade unions have always created another dilemma for those who wish to maximize individual choice: Though people should surely be free to join together to accomplish common goals, it is equally sure that such associations should not be allowed to coerce some workers to join, keep others out, and forcibly prevent employers from hiring workers who choose not to join. From much of the talk about "bargaining power," it isn't clear, however, why unions should have to employ such coercive tactics. It would seem, instead, that a big union would have the "bargaining power" to get everyone employed at high wages, and would therefore have no reason, say, to discriminate against minorities or worry about nonunion rivals.

But even the most powerful unions are constrained by the demand for their labor (if their service is sold directly), or by the demand for the end product to which their labor contributes. Each union's ability to raise wages and prices is thus closely related to the availability of substitutes for the labor and/or final product. If consumers can easily substitute nonunion haircuts for union haircuts, and imported clothing for domestic, the barber and textile unions will be severely limited in their ability to raise wage rates continually without creating conspicuous, growing unemployment among their members.

In any industrywide closed shop (where union membership is a condition of employment), the union can reduce the supply of labor to zero by striking, so any further restriction of supply is redundant. With the exception of licensed occupations (where the labor supply is directly limited), apparent "entry-restrictions" such as initiation fees, seniority rules, nepotism and racial discrimination—all these serve only *to ration* desirable jobs among an excess of eager applicants.

Unusually high wages and fringe benefits inevitably create a scarcity of job-offers and an overabundance of job-seekers.

Successful unions have usually conspired with government agencies to eliminate by law obvious forms of competition, but ingenuity often undermines these efforts by expanding the consumers' range of alternatives: The plumber faces the competition of gadgets and chemicals to unstop drains; the painter competes with rollers and spray cans; the restaurant waiter is replaced by frozen dinners and serve-yourself franchises; machine-written sales slips and computerized merchandising substitute for many retail clerks; agricultural labor is being supplanted by machine-harvesting and home vegetable gardens; used cars, homes and furniture can serve in place of overpriced new ones. This pervasive availability of substitutes deserves emphasis —it is the major factor preventing wage increases which are unrelated to supply and demand; it is, in a very real sense, the essence of competition.

The successful trade union, then, must always keep vigilantly eliminating alternatives to the labor of its members, and to the products they produce. The more effective the union is, the more incentive it creates for nonunion workers to use labor-saving techniques, and for businessmen to create competing products or services which do not require any (or as much) union labor.

Where the "bargaining power" of unorganized labor is weakest is in the lobbies of our lawmaking bodies. Building codes, import restrictions, minimum-wage laws and regulations limiting the hours and tasks of women and teen-agers, for example, all raise the cost of using nonunion labor. There is probably nothing, however, that more completely guarantees union security against low-cost alternatives, than to persuade a legislature to license an occupation "to protect the public." (You've heard this tune before—it's the same dirge they play to justify *minimum* prices in the regulated transportation industries.) So far, about 550 trades are limited to licensed practitioners, including scrap and tobacco dealers, threshing machine operators, egg graders, tree surgeons, tattoo artists, well diggers, rainmakers, yacht salesmen, guide dog trainers, bee-keepers and lightning rod dealers.

SINCE NO ONE else is qualified to judge the ability to practice these exotic arts, the job invariably goes to the relevant unions. Predictably, the union-staffed licensing commissions make sure their skills are kept increasingly scarce (and therefore valuable), under the guise of ensuring high quality. Licensing is therefore often combined with long and difficult apprenticeship and/or educational requirements. This is obviously a more effective barrier than refusal to grant a license after the costs of training have been borne. Thus, the International Photo Engravers' Union allows one apprentice to seven journeymen, and requires a minimum of six years of apprenticeship.

When a union has control over licensing a skill for which there are few substitutes, they can extract really exorbitant incomes for those who are persistent and lucky enough to get in. Just

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as a successful liar is called a "politician," so a successful union becomes a "professional organization."

In 1910, the American Medical Association was given authority to decide which schools' graduates would be eligible to apply for licenses. From 1904 to 1920, the number of accredited medical schools fell from 162 to sixty-nine. The number of medical students was the same in 1955 as it was in 1904. With fewer doctors per capita, average income of physicians increased 218 per cent from 1939 to 1951, far more than in any other profession, and many doctors are receiving two to three times the average income of comparable professional men.

The licensed skilled building trades likewise have been able to raise their earnings almost 25 per cent, relative to comparable nonunion labor, in periods of noninflationary prosperity. There are very few other examples of such dramatic, sustained increases in relative earnings, though printing, railroad, maritime, teamsters, entertainment and airline pilots unions have all done well. As most of these examples show, successful unions generally represent labor which is essential and which represents a small portion of total costs. Also, as in the case of licensed trades and regulated transportation industries, the lack of substitutes (competition) is often the direct result of deliberate government policy.

EVEN THE strongest unions, however, have typically lost ground to nonunion rivals during periods of rapid inflation, such as 1945-1949 and the late Sixties. This is because long-term contracts can't adjust to inflation as easily as can continual individual negotiations, and also because the downward rigidity of union wages makes employers of union members reluctant to use wage increases to solve short-run labor shortages. It seems unlikely that unions could be responsible for inflations since they generally lose ground to nonunion workers.

Many essential services, which are, unfortunately, monopolized by the government, have recently aspired to the lofty and lucrative variety of extortion exemplified by the AMA and licensed crafts. Like many others, I would love to teach, for less than the usual salary, but an absurd and elaborate program of apprenticeship and certification (meat-inspection) has effectively kept me out. Moreover, teachers, firemen, police, postal workers, garbage collectors etc.—recently all have begun to exploit their enviable monopolistic positions by striking against bureaucrats who are uniquely immune to any concern about rising salary costs. Membership of the three largest government unions grew from 102 to 250 per cent from 1957 to 1967, while the AFL-CIO added only 7 per cent to its membership in the same period.

The result of all this is that the old adage about "public servants" suffering during inflation is laughably false. Public salaries in 1970 were 45 per cent higher than nonagricultural private incomes—an 18 per cent larger gap than existed in 1960. The average *increase* in hourly earnings from 1965 to the second quarter of '71 was about 15 per cent higher for Federal Government employees than for the highly unionized, supposedly monopolistic, manufacturing sector.

Popular folklore insists that union gains are siphoned off the excess profits of greedy capitalists who would never increase wage rates unless threatened by a strike. Since this claim is made repeatedly, year after year, it apparently implies that unions are chipping away at an enormous mountain of profits that is somehow subject to unlimited erosion. Studies by Clark Kerr, Norman Simler and D. Gale Johnson, on the other hand, show that the long-run *shares* of National Income going to wages and profits have remained about the same for at least a century. Moreover, after-tax corporate profits average only about one-tenth of corporate wage payments.

Whenever sizable profits appear, we soon see a horde of copycats entering these lucrative businesses, thereby increasing the supply and driving down the price. Moreover, the incessant greed of capitalists leads them to compete in the attractiveness of their job-offers in order to attract and retain the most productive employees.

Since the profit-share is stable, these continual increases in wages or benefits imply: 1) generally rising prices financed by continual increases in the number of dollars, or 2) offsetting increases in production per man-hour, or 3) offsetting reduction in the number of labor-hours employed, or 4) offsetting reduction in some wages and prices elsewhere in the economy. In the recent U.S. experience, wage and price increases dominated offsetting price reductions and also exceeded increases in productivity; this was made possible by a mixture of reduced output and employment together with sizable injections of new money, which bid up prices on a stagnant quantity of goods. The appropriate corrective for this situation will be found at the source, namely in restraining the quantity of money. This is the only possible "direct" control.

WE HAVE SEEN that successful unions must restrict or ration entry into their trade, thereby reducing the supply of that particular sort of labor, while simultaneously *increasing* the supply of labor in unrestricted trade. The resulting flood of labor into low-skill job markets causes weak union and nonunion wages to be lower than they would otherwise be. The gains of strong unions, then, are at the expense of other workers, especially at the expense of those who are arbitrarily excluded from the employment of their choice by the unions' closed-door policy.

In the acknowledged best work on the subject, H. G. Lewis estimates, rather conservatively, a 3 to 4 per cent decline in nonunion incomes which can be directly attributed to the actions of only about one-fourth of the unionized labor force. Since only about 25 per cent of the labor force is unionized, this means that about 6 per cent of all workers (25 per cent of 25 per cent) have significantly depressed the wages of 75 per cent of all workers. Seen in this perspective, the impact of these key unions on relative wages is certainly not negligible, it is simply *diluted* by the overwhelming majority of employees who belong to no union or to comparatively weak unions.

More to the point, neither logic nor evidence indicates that the gap between union and nonunion wages tends to widen continuously over time. The damage (to outsiders) has already been done. But if union wage increases are to push up the *general* level of wages and prices, they must be doing much more than just "keeping-up" with the inflationary trend of other wages and

(Continues on page 1483)

Alan Reynolds' first article for NR, *"The Case against Wage and Price Control," appeared in the Sept. 24 issue.*

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OPERATION HELPING HAND

Ten young men who had only one thing in common.
They were Vietnam veterans. Last summer
they went back to donate two months of their lives
to a people they had fought for, and had learned to love

The Ten Vets Who Went Back

ARMISTEAD MAUPIN JR.

SOMEDAY, I'll go back to Cat Lai to see the houses.

I'll arrive at dusk when the sky over Saigon is amber and people are coming home from the rice fields. There will be children then, laughing and running and playing in the mud by the road. Their clothes will be white, not olive drab, and the watchtower on the edge of the village will be empty.

I'll turn at the tower and walk along the paddies to a long, tin-roofed shelter with a crooked back wall and fading blue shutters. The people who live there will be smiling, not because they remember me, but because they are happy. And I'll be smiling too, because a part of me, long-neglected, will have found its way home at last.

I was one of ten Vietnam veterans who returned to Indochina this summer to build houses for the families of disabled Vietnamese veterans. We lived in shelters for two months—without rank, pay or guns—to prove a point to ourselves and, perhaps, to our countrymen. We called ourselves the Cat Lai Commune, though the only thing we had in common was a war. We had served in Vietnam as officers and enlisted men in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. Over a span of five years we came home, believing naïvely that the worst part was over.

None of us was prepared for what we encountered back in America. As veterans, we were suspect; our motives and instincts, indeed, our very morality were subjects of debate. With almost undisguised glee, the liberal press chronicled the "malaise" afflicting troops in Vietnam and veterans were portrayed as war criminals, drug addicts and embittered radicals. It was a cruel distortion. Ten of us wanted to do something about it.

We didn't know each other in early June. Tom Nielsen was a portrait artist with a studio-houseboat on the Mississippi River. Charlie Collins, a businessman in Texas. Rick Will was a telephone repairman; Zeph Lane, a premed student; Kaki Reese, a carpenter; Jess Leadbeter, a bartender and part-time student; Jack Myerovitz, an apprentice printer; Lou Abad, a Marine; and John Butler, an apprentice carpenter. I was a reporter for the *News and Courier* in Charleston, S.C.

We got together haphazardly, through mutual friends and a series of bizarre long-distance phone calls ("Hello, Zeph, you don't know me. I'm a friend of Tom's. How'd you like to go back to Vietnam for the summer?"). By mid-June we were in Washington to present our case to the government: "We are Vietnam veterans who want to do something to help the Vietnamese people before American withdrawal. Will you send us back?"

Washington, of course, didn't know what to do with us. Ambassador William Sullivan, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian Affairs, called the idea "ridiculous." Secretary of the Navy John Chafee was extremely nervous about the proposal, suspecting it might "backfire" in some way. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was interested, but declined to approve the project until National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger had taken a look at it.

'I'm Back'

Our only real friend was Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr. Intrigued, he steered us through the federal bureaucracy. By the end of June, the State Department had consented and the Air Force agreed to transport us in a C-141 cargo plane. Operation Helping Hand, a private, charitable organization, offered to pay for our subsistence. We left America on July 3, 1971 from an Air Force Base in the Alaskan wilderness on a plane that carried helicopter parts and a ton of whole blood, bound for a country we thought we had left forever.

Armistead Maupin Jr. was working for the Charleston News and Courier *when he decided to go back to Vietnam. He now works in the San Francisco area as a journalist.*

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The third night we were in Cat Lai. We moved into three shelters, boarding up the windows and nailing the doors shut. Someone lit a gasoline lantern. A Vietnamese soldier, standing watch on the road to the village, stopped by to check our security. His name was Khanh and he seemed drunk —or maybe stoned—but he grinned obligingly and showed us the weak spots in the windows. The air was stale and thick with mosquitos.

"Vietcong, one kilometer," he said pointing ominously to the darkened treeline beyond the paddy. Then he went back to his post, leaving us alone.

Artillery thudded in the distance like a door slamming in a dream. "God damn it," someone said to no one in particular. "I'm back."

Cat Lai, a river village about ten miles east of Saigon, is the site of a Vietnamese navy base and several small American advisory units. On the outskirts of the village is a training center for disabled Vietnamese veterans. We were there to build houses for the families of these veterans. Most of us knew nothing about construction and though Kaki and John tried valiantly to teach us the rudiments of carpentry, walls stood off-kilter and doors seldom fit their frames. Once, during a driving monsoon rain, we learned the hard way that our eaves were six inches too short.

But there were more important things to be done. Tom carried a sketch pad with him and drew the children who wandered in from the village. Zeph, a medic during his tour in Vietnam, administered minor first aid to people who needed it. And Rick, with a child of his own at home, visited the nearby orphanage on weekends.

We made friends. A young naval lieutenant named Cuong took an interest in the Commune and assigned five of his men to work with us. I liked Cuong very much. He was a scrupulously honest person, committed to freedom in a way that transcends all I have heard since about profiteering generals and corrupt politicians. He told me one afternoon that some of his friends couldn't understand why he wasn't rich.

"They know that I work with Americans and they think all Americans are rich," he said. "I do not make money off the Americans, but when I sleep at night I have . . ." He fumbled for a word.

"Peace of mind?" I asked.

"Yes," he said smiling, "peace of mind."

It is nice to talk to a Vietnamese straight like that. Without subterfuge or deception or embarrassment. One night I told Cuong that many Americans did not believe in the cause to which he had committed his life, that some of them, in fact, thought Vietnam might be better off under Communism.

He didn't blink. He had heard it before.

"I think that my country is the hell of the world," he said. "You have come to this hell to help us and we are grateful to you. Vietnam has been at war for thousands of years, and we want peace more than anyone, but we want peace without Communism."

It wasn't rehearsed. He spoke quietly and his eyes were steady and earnest. When I didn't speak, he said the words again: "peace without Communism." It was almost a plea.

'No Sweat . . .'

Several days later on the Cat Lai ferry landing an American sergeant killed a Vietnamese private with a sawed-off shotgun. The body was left until dusk so the villagers could see what "the Americans" had done.

The trouble apparently started when the Vietnamese soldier requested permission for an old monk to cross the Nha Be River on the ferry. The American misunderstood the request and denied it. Enraged, the Vietnamese pointed a rifle at the American. The American took the top off the man's skull at fifteen feet.

Cuong told us the story in a steady, dispassionate voice. When he had finished, I looked at him and tried to think of something to say. He did not want to shame us, only to warn us.

"We do not know all the facts," Cuong said, "so we must not judge anyone." It was his way of telling us he harbored no bitterness.

Just before dark, the body was taken from the village in a military ambulance.

Rick Will had to return to the States. His wife had written that their little boy required surgery and money was running low. Rick left a note to be read after his departure.

"Through your actions," he wrote, "and your willingness to go through with this sacrifice, you will have proven that most Vietnam veterans believe in helping the Vietnamese, that we—more than anyone else—know they are human beings who have a right to the future—a future they choose for themselves."

Our work settled into a semblance of routine. We rose at 7:30 A.M., ate a breakfast of coffee and rice bread and stumbled out to face the brutal reality of yesterday's fiasco. Two Vietnamese women cooked our meals and washed our clothes for us. They were good-natured women who cheerfully tolerated our fetish for boiling dishes and our peculiar aversion to *nuoc mam*—a sauce made from rotten fish. They bought lichees and bananas for us at the village market and occasionally surprised us with "swamp jello," which, if it looked like congealed algae, tasted even worse.

Dinner at the Commune was a folksy affair, with two or three village youngsters watching wide-eyed through the window. For showers, we stood in the rain with a bar of soap or visited the naval base, a mile away. With the latter, however, came Willy, a mascot monkey with a special fondness for dangling obscenely from the shower head.

Then there was Rex, our outhouse. Rex was an imposing structure, built for us as a gesture of friendship by Cuong's seamen. One night, however, a fierce wind whipped it into a nearby rice paddy. The structural flaw was subsequently corrected, and Rex became the only privy in Indochina with flying buttresses.

Defense was no real problem at the Commune since, for all practical purposes, we had none. Our shelters were located beyond the perimeter of the Cat Lai base and, on principle, we didn't carry weapons. We had nothing that might be called a security plan.

One night, though, we were awakened by a hideous shriek that defied human definition. "They're trying to lure us outside," someone whispered, and we froze. Jess—at 240 pounds, our main battery defense—peered into the blackness to discover two rather startled alley cats. They were, said Jess, making love, not war.

Three nights later we were evacuated from the shelter. Cuong had received an intelligence report from the base that forty VC were preparing to attack. We left by Jeep at midnight and spent the night at the base. Next morning, the mamasans were puzzled by our disappearance. "No sweat," they said,

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"you no GI. VC not shoot you. No sweat."

And it was no sweat most of the time. We had predictable bouts with pink eye, migraine headaches and tropical colds. All of us had attacks of the disorder known as "Ho Chi Minh's Revenge." But we were far better off than the Vietnamese veterans down the road.

The men at the rehabilitation center had been discharged from service because they were too disabled to function militarily. It is only so that a man becomes a veteran in Vietnam. Some of them were legless; others maimed by shrapnel. The trades they were learning would make them useful people again, and their families were to live in the houses we were building. One day a man, his arm wrapped in bandages, stood watching as we hauled lumber to the construction site. When I asked him how he was hurt, he pointed to his arm and said simply, "VC." Then, without another word, he lifted a plank with his good arm and began to work with us.

Two weeks before we left, thieves broke into the kitchen while we were sleeping and managed to cart away two 150-pound safes and the $5,000 worth of cash and camera equipment therein. It was a blow to our morale and laid bare our unspoken dread of attack. Cuong sensed this and tried to extend his sympathy. All of us, privately asked the same question: How could they do it to us? But "they"—the Vietnamese people—were no more guilty than "we"—Americans—were for the murdered man at the ferry landing.

Several days later we were visited by an entourage of high-ranking Vietnamese intelligence officers. They asked us questions about the position of the safes and about our acquaintances at the Commune. They bowed grandly as they left, and we thought, quite honestly, that we had heard the last of it.

Cuong arrived two days later on the verge of tears. His men were being tortured by interrogators from the National Police. The authorities, convinced that one of the sailors had engineered the theft, were using an electric dynamo in their "interrogations." Cuong wanted some sign of our support. We walked out to the road where the sailors were waiting for Cuong on the back of a flat-bed truck. One by one, we shook hands and said, "*xin loi*," which means "I'm sorry." They grinned sheepishly and said—"no sweat."

On our last night at the Commune the sky was on fire, a dying sun and stars and later flares, bursting soundlessly over the nearest hamlet. Tom and I remained behind while the rest attended a farewell party at the base.

We were reading by lantern light when Hai and Hiep, two junior officers from the base, appeared in the doorway. Hai was carrying a guitar.

"We come to sing for you," Hiep grinned, "so that you will not forget us." He dropped a bag of sesame cookies on the table and handed us a song sheet he had typed himself. We sang all night: songs about parted lovers and fatherless children, about freedom and death and war. Several neighborhood children heard the music and came to watch us through the window. One of them, a thin fourteen-year old with a withered arm, had been our friend from the first. Tom motioned for the boy to come in and asked Hiep to translate for him. "Please tell him that we are sorry we are going away and that we will always remember him." The boy ducked his head when Hiep talked to him, and for a moment I thought he cried.

The children. They invaded the Commune daily like flocks of brown sparrows. They knew us all by name, and we knew them. Dec, Hiep, To, Phoung, Xuan. In the course of those sixty days, they became a part of us and their futures were inextricably bound to ours. Is that why I react as I do to talk of "immediate withdrawal"? When I return to Cat Lai—and I will—I want to find them happy, healthy and free.

Perhaps that is asking too much. I just want to find them again. □

Firing Line Guest: Santa Claus

MR. BUCKLEY: My guest tonight is without doubt the most popular living human being:
He spends all his time making presents for people and seeing
Personally to their delivery.
Instantly recognizable by his livery:
Red tunic and cap edged with fleece,
Shiny boots and stuffed back pack, I felt the leece
We could do for his millions of admirers throughout the land was have him on our show,
Which, as far as I know,
Is a first.
I should like to begin by asking Mr. Santa Claus what was the worst
Experience he ever had on one of his seasonal rounds.
SANTA CLAUS: Well, Mr. Buckley, I suppose this sounds
Couéistic but notwithstanding the doomsday dramatizations on the TV screen and Op Editorial page,
I have found that every mortal is incorrigibly a child at heart in spite of age,
And this includes Maoist revolutionaries, Hell's Angels, Black Panthers, bra-burners, campus psychos, and other assorted
Freaks Unreported.
I mean to say in every single instance no matter how far advanced the ideological peeve,
A wide-eyed, Santa-hungry kid always broke through to me on Christmas Eve.
And whether it was my Ho! Ho! Ho! or the twinkle in my eye, or the belly just like jelly that got them (I like to think it was not just the present),
I would have to say that all my many stops through the centuries ran the gamut from richly rewarding to very, very pleasant.
MR. BUCKLEY: No Santa-Go-Home! signs? No St. Nicholas-Is-A-Capitalist-Cliché put-down?
SANTA CLAUS: Not even one On-The-Male-Chauvinist-Pig-Santa-Liberated-Ladies-Put-Their-Fut-Down!
Poster.
MR. BUCKLEY: I guess you have the secret of how to get closter
The human heart, Santa. And now might you not have some good advice for all us, limping mortals before you leap into the night sky for your trip home on your reindeer-powered sleigh?
SANTA CLAUS (making for the studio fireplace): To be sure. Steer for *The Star*! Goodnight all! Now it's Up! Ho! Ho! Ho! And away!

—JOHANNES EFF

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LETTER FROM MONTEVIDEO

Cassocks and Communism

ROBERT PETER

A WEDDING CEREMONY in Florida, Uruguay, October 1967. Father Jean Paul Bidegain prayed the Lord *"to maintain always the revolutionary spirit of these two young people who are about to unite their lives in holy wedlock."* Then he addressed the bride and groom, told them a few things about the war in Vietnam, about "Johnson the killer of children," and having thus joined together what God had meant to put asunder, namely religion and rebellion, he declared them man and wife.

That happened in the good old days when the Latin American clergy were less radical than they are now. It would be a mistake to speak of the Church as having swung to the left; the majority of Catholics may want reform but not by violence, but the rebel priests are tough and noisy, and it is they who are heard. This gives the impression that the Church has gone Marxist, an impression skilfully used by the Communists who act as if Jesus were Party member Number One, and the Bible had been written by Karl Marx. No one has challenged ecclesiastical authority in Latin America for centuries, least of all in those countries with an Indian majority. In their minds the Christian faith and their old traditions had combined into a strange but strong spiritual cocktail, with absolute respect for the clergy an indispensable ingredient. The Indian will not believe anything not verified by the "*tata cura*."

Marxism had no real chance among the half-breeds and many of the whites as long as the Church was clearly against it. This was the roadblock that slowed the advance of Communism for so long, despite its success in recruiting intellectuals, students and labor leaders. The Communists had to work painstakingly, patiently while hiding their real purpose, in order to undermine faith in the Church and the priests. There was not much to write home to Moscow about even though social conditions were terrible.

Time came when the Church decided to do something about these conditions. For centuries before anybody else cared, she had helped the poor, but now she recognized that they had to be helped in a different way; that they must be given the chance to make a decent living. "*Sancta paupertas*," as Pope John XXIII called this not very desirable state, was not to be interpreted as God's unalterable will. Two encyclicals, *Mater et Magistra* (John XXIII) and *Populorum Progressio* (Paul VI), had a tremendous effect. Both were unintentionally misunderstood and intentionally misinterpreted. With the Church declaring itself to be the "Church of the Poor," many priests came to consider social and political activities equally as important as pastoral work, if not more important. Especially those priests who knew best the almost unbearable poverty in the countryside; who knew the injustice the Indian suffered (in some countries real estate used to be sold "with so and so many cattle and Indians"); who knew the living conditions in the slums. They were relieved when told that they, too, had to do their bit to bring about change. They discovered others already in the vineyard—the Marxists. The priests laid stress on what they had in common with them. "Dialogue" was the key word. It usually meant the Marxists talking and everybody else listening. The masses became confused.

THE COMMUNISTS were not slow in seeing their chance. In Peru, for instance, Salomon Bolo, a former priest, became a member of the Communist Party. He left the Church, but his new masters insisted that wherever he appeared as a speaker he wear his cassock; he continued to be called "Padre" Bolo. It was effective. Many of his listeners, mostly simple people, thought exactly what they were intended to think: If Marxism is approved by a priest, it must be good.

Nowadays Communists need no such tricks; priests stand at their side quite openly. When Padre Juan Carlos Zaffaroni, a Uruguayan Jesuit (author of *Sacerdocio y revolución*, member of the Castroite *Movimiento Revolucionario Oriental*), was asked whether he was a Marxist, his answer was yes. Second thought: "From a scientific viewpoint I am a Marxist, philosophically I am, of course, a Christian." But what stuck was his yes. Zaffaroni glorified Camilo Torres, the Columbian priest who joined the *guerrilleros* and died in action, and said he too would be willing to take up a submachine gun and fight with the revolutionaries. When he was accused of conspiring against the state and the constitution, he heroically disappeared. Now, out of the Church, he lives with a concubine in one of the best quarters of Montevideo. And nobody cares anymore.

When excitement about Zaffaroni was at its peak, many Catholics wrote the newspapers, asking for the opinion of his superiors, especially of Archbishop Coadjutor Msgr. Carlos Parteli. No answer. Those who were surprised at this strange silence then, are surprised no more; it has become very clear, when the Archbishop speaks, and when he is silent. In August 1968 about fifty extremist students surrounded a police lieutenant who, fearing for his life, drew his pistol and shot into the crowd. A certain Liber Arce was wounded in the buttock, and died later in the hospital.

The Archbishop, his vicar Haroldo Ponce de León, and other priests attended the funeral. When Catholics asked in another letter to the press why he had not attended the funerals of policemen killed by terrorists (21 by then), why he had never found a word of pity for them, their wives and children, or of reproach for the killers, the Monsignor was silent again. After the kidnaping and killing of Dan Mitrione by the Uruguayan Tupamaros in August 1969, the diplomatic corps wanted a requiem Mass celebrated for his soul, but Archbishop Parteli refused the use of the cathedral and, of course, refused to celebrate the Mass himself. The ceremony took place in another church, although the diplomatic corps customarily uses the cathedral.

Latin American priests have become eloquent in praise of socialism. Whether it is the bishop of Cuernavaca, Mexico, Monsignor Sergio Méndez Arceo, who finds that "the Christian promise cannot be fulfilled in a capitalist society,"

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or the Golconda group in Colombia, the "*Iglesia Joven*" in Chile or the "Priests for the Third World" in Argentina, they all strongly favor a socialist state. One wonders whether they ever think about Cardinal Mindszenty who could tell them what chances there are of fulfilling the Christian promise in a socialist society. *Iglesia Joven* occupied the Cathedral of Santiago de Chile, and protested against Pope Paul's visit to Colombia, because of his "reactionary influence." During the election campaign that brought Salvador Allende to power, the bishops of Chile made this statement: "We, the bishops of Chile, believe that Christ cannot bless a capitalist structure that is contrary to human dignity, and forgetful of the social dimension of man, making him a selfish being, focused on money and material goods." In that same month (May 1970), the Argentine "Priests for the Third World" held a conference, and proclaimed that they were "for revolutionary socialism, and against the prevalent capitalistic system," for the "fight for the liberation of the people" (which is the approved expression for subversive activities), and for a radical change of structure within the Church itself. "To intercede for socialism means being faithful to the Gospel," they stated, and concluded that power has to be won by revolution. They were impressed by "the fact" that Marx and Lenin were inspired by the Gospels in their actions and teachings. In July 1970 the Argentine rebel priests published a manifesto repeating their demand for the establishment of authentic socialism.

They did not limit themselves to talk. Padre Antonio López was arrested when the police found a secret printing press in his living quarters. And Padre Alberto Carbone was given a two-year prison sentence (conditionally suspended) for collaborating with the killers of ex-President Pedro Eugenio Aramburu. (Padre Juan Carlos Múgica: "They are model Christians.")

Violence is approved by many clerics. A few have even joined guerrilla groups. The Algerian priest Raoul Grillet, who was sentenced to death in France and escaped to Argentina in 1965, later migrated to Peru where he attempted to organize a movement called "*Sotanas y armas*" ("cassocks and arms").

In Brazil, monks have given asylum to terrorists wanted by the police. They reason that revolutionary violence is permitted against what they call "established violence" and the permanent suppression of the poor by the ruling class. Some draw a line at the kidnaping of diplomats and politicians, but none of the priests has ever made a public appeal to the terrorists to release innocent men such as Brazilian Consul Gomide and the U.S. agricultural expert Dr. Fly. Those interested in a theological justification of violence should read a leaflet that was distributed in front of the parish church of Paso Molino in Montevideo, Uruguay with the approval of the pastor. The Pharaoh (the ruling class, the oppressor) did not allow the children of Israel to find freedom, but held them as his slaves. Moses first tried to persuade him. Then the Lord sent the plagues. In vain. Nothing was left but violence, the killing of the first-born child. Conclusion: if God Himself "took part in a revolutionary insurrection," then the killing of innocent people is a legitimate expedient against repressive violence. Why should man not emulate Him? Reminded of what Pope Paul had said about violence, an Argentine rebel priest answered: "Our model is not the Pope, but Camilo Torres."

COMMUNISTS in South America mute the international aspects of their doctrine. Here, if you hear phrases dripping with chauvinism, the orator is probably a Communist. The Church had preached of an international brotherhood long before Communism, but now in South America many priests are turning into burning nationalists. They resent missionaries from other lands. An Austrian nun who submitted an idea for a school program was shaken when her Mother Superior asked her suddenly: "What are you doing here anyway?" The nun said she had been sent to South America by her missionary order, whereupon she was told: "We did not ask for foreigners." In Guatemala Padre José Maria Ruiz Furlan, known as "Padre Chemita," has campaigned against his archbishop, Cardinal Mario Casariego, on the grounds that Guatemalan priests get only the poorest parishes. The best parishes, he says, are given to foreigners, who are protected by a foreigner, namely Cardinal Casariego. Archbishop Casariego has spent most of his life in Guatemala although he was born in Spain.

Something else: The Pill. The Church is against it. So are the Communists: the more children, the greater the misery, the more fertile the soil for revolution. Consequently, they applauded heartily when Pope Paul condemned the Pill.

THE POPE, so frequently misunderstood, is fortunate enough to be interpreted correctly by the Communists. When a mad Bolivian tried to kill him in Manila, the Uruguayan leftist weekly *Marcha* explained what had really happened. It was not the Bolivian, but the CIA. Didn't you know? Quite easy: before the Pope left for Asia, he delivered some pro-Third World speeches. CIA decided something had to be done. They did not want to kill him—if an organization like the CIA or the FBI wants to kill somebody, it succeeds—but they wanted to give the Pope a warning. And that's what happened in Manila. All this is printed by a paper which is considered *el más intelectual* of all South American publications.

It should be pointed out once more, that the Communist priests are a minority. But the Church must call them to order: She must make clear the difference between Catholicism and Communism: no man and no church can serve two masters. If the Communists win control she will have no place to lay her head; there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, because, when she could have spoken out she did not find the word: "*Apage, Satana!*" □

Robert Peter is a European diplomat who has lived in Uruguay for a number of years and reports for NATIONAL REVIEW *from time to time on Latin American events.*

De Mortuus Nik

I'm a pensioner. What does a pensioner do?
Not a very wide range of things it's true
But for me
Sufficiently earthy:
I'm getting some very new
First-hand experience on how to bury you.

JOHANNES EFF

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LETTER FROM DALLAS

Dr. Spock for President

WILLIAM MURCHISON JR.

"Point of order, Mr. Chairman! Point of order!"

It's almost 48 hours since representatives of "The Coalition"—peace groups, old radicals, new radicals and liberated folk of every feather—convened in solemn assembly here in Dallas to launch a fourth national political party. Is this the 537th point of order thus far raised, or merely the 536th?

Hard to tell. But after all why shouldn't people have their say—even if it's preventing the selection of an official name for the party?

And anyway, what's in a name? It is plain what everyone here is after. It is to make a decisive impact on the 1972 Presidential elections—with a little luck, to throw the election into the House of Representatives and thus drive the country leftward. To this end, not a few of the delegates have been working since 1968. A diverse crew, these Coalitionists. Though politics is their bag, they profess willingness to go into the streets when necessary. There are Viet Vets here; Mayday Tribesmen, Gay and Women's Libbers, some 160 or 170 of them, assembled under the aegis of Gore Vidal and Dr. Benjamin Spock who, it is rumored, are footing the $3,000 tab for the convention.

Five hundred, perhaps a thousand, had been expected originally. The Chicanos decided instead to attend a Raza Unida parley. Virtually all the blacks invited, and even a good many whites, failed to show. Dallas is . . . well, you know—Dallas.

But on this Thanksgiving weekend, the faithful are here; white kids, mostly: the "brothers" sporting mustaches and desert boots, the "sisters" decked out in blue jeans and granny dresses, hair expertly ironed. Mingling with the *jeunesse dorée* are perhaps a dozen aging gentlemen, old-line radicals, nearly all of them; Wobblies at a love-in.

Spock and Vidal are here. Rather odd figures they cut in the midst of so many exotics. Spock, in his pin-striped suit, looking like a Wall Street lawyer. He sits to the rear of the convention, keeping his peace. Vidal dresses only a little less sedately.

With Spock and Vidal on the sidelines, the real work is being performed by wheelhorses like C. T. Weber of the California Peace and Freedom Party, Marcus Raskin of Washington, D.C.'s leftist Institute for Policy Studies (Raskin was a co-defendant with Spock at the Boston Five trial), and Bob Kunst of the Florida New Party.

They are only too aware that a skeleton sits at their feast—Eugene McCarthy. What will McCarthy do? That is the nagging question. They do not very much like McCarthy, but they know they must reckon with him. If he starts his own fourth-party movement, he will swamp the Dallas conventioneers in his wake. Unless . . . unless there is some way to co-opt him.

Meanwhile, they are still debating what to call themselves. On and on go the points of order; the points of clarification; the motions and countermotions. The delegates mill restlessly about. The People's Party is the name finally agreed upon. And a good populist ring it has, too.

It's Saturday now, and time to adopt a platform. Various groups have spent months hammering together a rousingly radical one. "Excessive" wealth is to be confiscated. (Except from those who finance fourth-party conventions?) Workers and consumers are to help run the corporations. "Political prisoners" are to be set free, and control of police turned over to the "community." We're to get out of Southeast Asia. Discrimination against homosexuals is to stop.

Saturday morning at the scheduled starting time, only the presiding officers are present. A bare quorum drifts in at last—and in a cantankerous mood. Vidal has gone home, though Spock remains. The platform is debated. There are the usual motions and points of order. Marge Buckley of California Peace and Freedom angrily seizes the microphone and charges that "the convention's voting with its feet. They're leaving. Because you're not relevant." Finally, the wrangling subsides, and the platform gets adopted.

The afternoon session begins on a light note. Chairman Mike Schon—redbearded, pipe-puffing, the image of a bibulous Irish poet—reads a telegram urging the delegates "to leave for Peking and Moscow for your convention and . . . never return to the United States." The wire is signed Lester Maddox. Cheers and guffaws.

But now the serious business—to nominate or not to nominate a Presidential ticket. Still more wrangling. At last the delegates vote in favor of nominating stand-in candidates who will bow out if called upon to do so. The delegates also decide that only those present shall be eligible, which eliminates such oft-discussed prospects as David Schoenbrun, Ronald Dellums, Karl Hess and Betty Friedan.

It leaves Benjamin Spock, Jack Hampton of the California Peace and Freedom Party and Marshall Hall of Florida, author of the "Humanist Manifesto" (which he has been peddling since the convention started). These are the candidates. Each speaks in his own behalf.

Hampton, a sixty-year-old California radical with iron-grey bangs and sideburns, gets a nice reception. Hall, dark mustache and goatee, looks like D'Artagnan in bellbottoms. He is uninspired, gets more yawns than cheers.

With Spock, it is different. Whistles and cheers greet him. "I'm saying I'm absolutely with you," he tells the delegates, "and I'll leave it entirely to you." He is safe in so doing. On the second ballot, with Hall eliminated, Spock beats Hampton 47 to forty-three. He makes the clenched-fist salute and vows to "work like a dog" to reach "those millions of people out there."

Of one thing the Dallas convention has left no doubt: For all their outlandish apparel, their capacity for petty bickering, their almost comical leftism, these people are in absolute earnest. And some, at least, are willing to devote to the task the whole of their energies and not inconsiderable talents. We have not heard the last of them. □

William Murchison is a reporter on the Dallas Times Herald.

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C. H. SIMONDS

For Now

BIG VIC

I ONCE KNEW a lady who worked, really *worked*, at having fun. Doing anything, being anywhere, that was supposed to be fun, she would burble every five minutes: "Isn't this *fun*! I'm having *fun*! What a joyous romp!" Inevitably, it soon ceased to be any fun at all, because fun isn't something you talk yourself into.

That long-vanished lady reminds me of the counterculture, which stopped being *fun* about a week after it started but kept the illusion going for years—thanks to media-momentum. After all, there were all those recording companies, sitar manufacturers, underground newspaper publishers, merchants of rhinestone studded roach holders, revolutionaries, incense magnates, tie-dyers, poster printers, greedy mystics, waterbed tycoons, concert promoters, smack pushers and all the other fun-peddlers; and there were all those bored children, deprived by American education of any interior resources, eager for fun. So the hustlers hustled, the marks bought, and the media went ape.

Then came—a lot of things. Altamont, Charles Manson, Kent State; much more important, a million or so people finding themselves just as bored as ever (if they were still alive and sane) and a few years older. Many of them are still telling themselves it's all *fun*, but the words ring hollower and hollower as there are fewer and fewer concerts to go to, pornopolitical papers to read, drugs to abuse, scenes to make. Many more are wondering where the millennium went, and whatever the counterculture does from now on will be strictly by rote, with less and less conviction.

Except for one thing, and that will be done with all the conviction bored, swindled human beings can muster: The aging children will sentimentalize their past. I can see them sitting around smoking bad dope, remembering how wonderful it all was back in '67 in the Hashbury or '69 at Woodstock—or back in '71, when they found love and self-fulfillment in Big Vic Baranco's Institute of Human Abilities More House Love Commune Number 27.

Patience. All shall be revealed. Big Vic is a former salesman (used cars, refrigerators, fake jewelry), bouncer and company-bankrupter. His operation of the moment is the Institute of Human Abilities, out in Los Angeles, and he's doing nicely with it. The Institute runs several More Houses, offers a number of courses, publishes a magazine called, not very trendily, *Aquarius*—and may, for all I know, have a wholly owned subsidiary that sells bridges to immigrants.

What is a More House? According to *Aquarius*, it's "a residence hall; it is a training program in living; and it provides the public with a place to go and find out how to live and love it, to have what you want, to see what enlightened people look like." Robin Green, a writer for *Rolling Stone*, went to dinner at one of the More Houses in the chain (rules: "No drugs of any kind, telephone use by permission only, no overnight guests, . . .").

She found a dirty old Victorian house half gutted by fire, occupied by "evaluates," who are something like postulants in a religious order, and higher-ups in the More House system, who ride herd on the evaluates ("Who was supposed to clean the kitchen? . . . And what about that pile of dust in the front room?"). Ken Brown, President of the Institute, explained: "When people move in as evaluates we push them, treat them like victims. . . . As Victor would say, 'The way to enjoy your life is to do whatever anybody wants you to do, to be a slave. . . . That's what I mean about unselfishly serving the world.' "

The Institute's courses are taught, for the most part, by More House residents who have survived the evaluate stage. Offerings include The Gospel ("comparing the MORE philosophy with THE WORD as written in the Bible"), Advanced Communication ("deals with both animate and inanimate objects"), Basic Sensuality, and A Weekend with Victor Baranco. Miss Green attended the Basic Sensuality course: Conventional intercourse, the teacher explained, is "a hit or miss proposition"; mutual masturbation is a "sure-fire way to a perfect orgasm every time."

All this costs. It costs $200 a month to live in a More House. For $2,000, one can be authorized to *manage* a More House. The courses are $45 for a day-or-two-long seminar (except Baranco's How To Go into Business in Your Spare Time course, which is $65); teachers must take courses themselves, at $35 or more each. The Institute collected $384,000 in residence fees last year, plus course fees—and as the shabby old houses are fixed up by the evaluates, it sells them. A beautiful racket: Baranco gets people to pay him for the privilege of repairing old houses, which his Institute then sells.

Baranco's picture, hand upraised in blessing, hangs in every single More House. "It's more fun when there's a structure. That way we are told how to live and we can tell other people. Victor is like our father," says a Baranco underling. They even celebrate his birthday. From *Aquarius*: "Of course no one could resist showering presents on the one who has been responsible for the past three years of our exciting communal existence."

WHAT'S THE philosophy Baranco's subjects purchase along with their "exciting communal existence" of house restoration and mutual masturbation? It's pretty vague; has something to do with Baranco's realization a few years back that he was Perfect, and should go out and tell others that they too are Perfect. In man-woman relations, it involves Being You: As Baranco explained it in a $45 seminar (that he cut out of early because the students were "so dull"), "you don't have to do nothing. . . . the more you be you, the more he'll be him."

Miss Green interviewed Baranco at his plushy purple house in suburban Lafayette:

> "What do you teach in the courses?"
>
> "Nothing," he said, "nothing they don't already know."
>
> "You teach courses to people that teach them nothing?"
>
> He straightened up and cocked his head. "It's show business, baby. That's what it really is."

It's a shame nobody told Charles Manson about Victor Baranco. □

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BOOKS

A Liberated Lady

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill (Volume II: The Dramatic Years, 1895-1921)
By Ralph G. Martin
Prentice-Hall, 498 pp., $8.95

George Meredith, who knew Lady Randolph Churchill, maintained that a witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power. Perhaps he had her in mind, for in a life of unflagging activity, the former Jennie Jerome of New York was a power, a wit and a great beauty. Her roles were as varied as they were rich: royal mistress, political activist, society pacesetter, editor, memoirist, playwright and, of course, mother of Winston Churchill. "Her birthplace was American, her manners British, but part of her was French," writes Mr. Martin. Which part of her was French becomes all too apparent as the long list of Jennie's lovers, often considerably her junior, unfolds, but her head and her heart were equally remarkable.

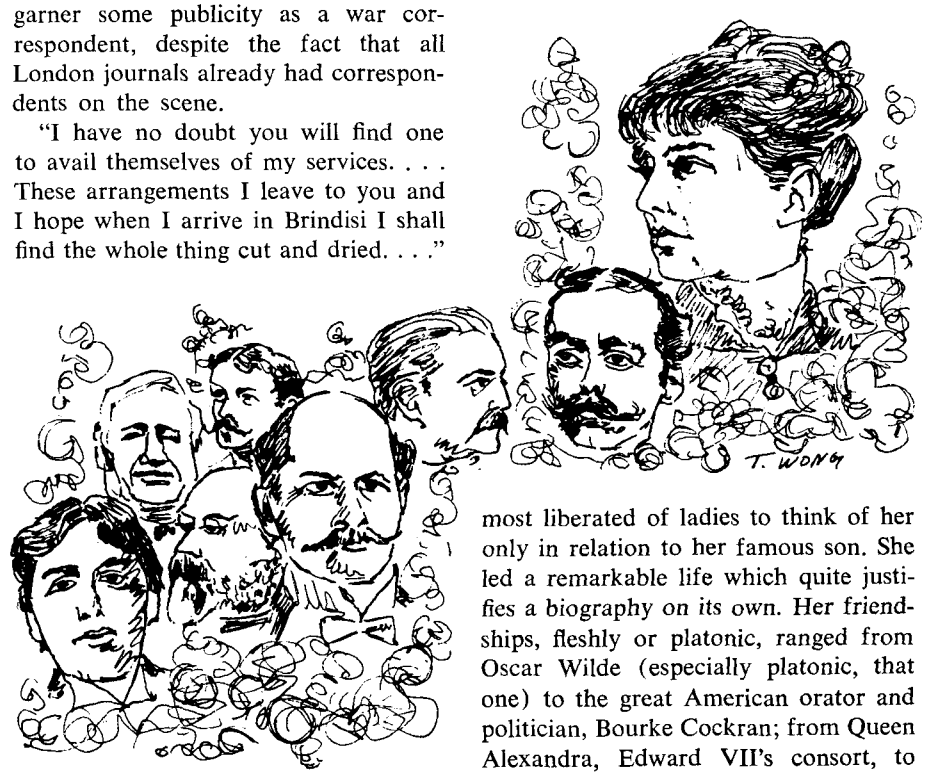
Young Winston's dependency on his dazzling mother has often been touched on before. It was both personal and professional. She was the one person he loved, the one person he really unburdened himself with, during his earlier years, and she was also the principal means of his public advancement. Mr. Martin documents this in some detail. The picture that emerges is one of a sometimes selfishly demanding youngster obsessed with a thirst for fame and exploiting his mother's friendships and influence to indulge it. That picture, however, is only half true, since Jennie delighted in forwarding his career. Mother and son were of a mind as to their own superiority. Prominence they were born to; ascendancy, they seemed to feel, was Winston's destiny.

No less a spur to his ambition was the spectacular failure of his father, Sir Randolph (Randolphs in the Churchill clan seem doomed to better beginnings than endings), whose early promise as a political leader dissolved into a seedy middle age and a grotesque, premature death (toward the end, one of his friends noted, Sir Randolph was little more than a "syphilitic ape"). By all accounts, he died mad or imbecile, leaving two young sons and a proud widow nearly destitute. So, much that seems pushy in the youthful Winston can be chalked up to a desire to redeem the family name; to succeed where his father failed so dismally. How indispensable Jennie was to her son's accomplishing this becomes clear in studying their massive correspondence. For example, when war between Turkey and Greece broke out in 1897, Churchill, as usual, called on his "dearest Mama" to secure entrées with Turkish and Greek officials so that he could garner some publicity as a war correspondent, despite the fact that all London journals already had correspondents on the scene.

"I have no doubt you will find one to avail themselves of my services. . . . These arrangements I leave to you and I hope when I arrive in Brindisi I shall find the whole thing cut and dried. . . ."

And that was how it went, from young Winston's graduation from Sandhurst well into the early 1900s, with Jennie pulling strings, opening doors and stretching regulations for her brilliant but sometimes troublesome son who took the trappings of greatness for granted even before he had earned them. In fact, it becomes clear to the reader that, at this stage in his career, WSC could be a pretty insufferable fellow. It took the heartbreak and humiliation of the Dardanelles tragedy to build character to match his intellect. When the crush came in the Thirties and Forties, it was there. Jennie, who died in 1921, did not witness her son's finest hours, but she never doubted that they would come.

Yet it does less than justice to this most liberated of ladies to think of her only in relation to her famous son. She led a remarkable life which quite justifies a biography on its own. Her friendships, fleshly or platonic, ranged from Oscar Wilde (especially platonic, that one) to the great American orator and politician, Bourke Cockran; from Queen Alexandra, Edward VII's consort, to



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Edward himself, a randy butterball whom she numbered among her temporary lovers turned permanent friends.

Jennie also did her bit for the States, being one of the first American brides to win social acceptance in Victorian England and afterward becoming a popular symbol of Anglo-American friendship; and she did so smilingly, without a solemn, pretentious bone in her body. She was one of that all-but-vanished breed of wealthy Americans who acquire the polish and culture of the Old World before losing their native drive and canniness. England can be grateful that some of that spirit was transfused into a certain Former Naval Person at a time when it was most desperately wanted.

Mr. Martin has done his subject and setting justice, and has turned out one of those rare books that one finishes with a touch of genuine remorse—like the last bottle of a good vintage. A good selection of illustrations adds to the appeal of this work, especially those of Jennie herself. The same sensuous, glowing eyes and firm, almost masculine brow look out from the portrait of her as a grandmother, in the year of her death, as from her 1895 portrait, the year in which Volume II takes up her story. One sees little innocence in those eyes, but an inexhaustible well of courage, humor and pure love of life. They are the eyes of a woman who never grew old, and who never lived by half-measures; a woman who unwittingly summed up her character during a lurching train ride through the African countryside at the time of the Boer War (she then "commanded" a charity hospital ship for British wounded and had come ashore to visit her two officer sons):

"I was asleep when we reached Frere at 5 A.M.," Jennie recalled afterward. "A vigorous tap on the window awoke me. 'Lady Randolph Churchill, are you there?' 'Yes, very much so,' I answered."

Very much so, to say the least! □

Aram Bakshian Jr. *is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.* . . . **Guy Davenport** *is Professor of English at the University of Kentucky.* . . . **Eliseo Vivas**, *formerly Professor of Philosophy at Northwestern University is now retired.* . . . **Stephen J. Tonsor** *is Professor of Intellectual History at the University of Michigan*

FICTION

The Complete Stories
By Flannery O'Connor
Farrar, 555 pp., $10

Rabbit Redux
By John Updike
Knopf, 407 pp., $7.95

EVEN AS THE HEATHEN RAGE

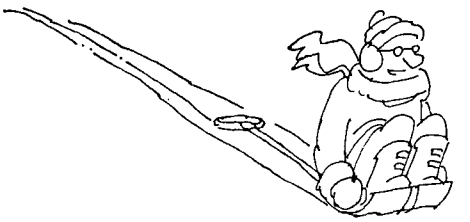
GUY DAVENPORT

Flannery O'Connor (1925-1964) spent her last fourteen years on this earth at her family's farm outside Milledgeville, Ga. (the hometown of Oliver Hardy), a pleasant place that in the Confederate tradition had a name—Andalusia—and which was overrun with peacocks, the gaudiest and stupidest of God's creatures. What confined Miss O'Connor to Milledgeville was the dread disease *lupus erythematosus*, yet it is plausible that she would have lived there anyway, to be near the Scripture searchers and fireproof Baptists in whose Antinomian souls she saw the fingers of God kneading, kneading.

When Miss O'Connor first left her native Georgia to go to Iowa and study the art of fiction under the tutelage of Paul Engle, her dialect was so unintelligible to Western ears that she had to write on a pad to be understood. Indeed, all her life she liked to conduct literary conversations in demotic Milledgeville. When someone remarked on the wild imaginativeness of Southern writers, "Yep," she replied, "nobody likes to be on the tracks when the Dixie Special's comin' through." And of the grotesqueness of Southern literature she said simply, "We know a freak when we see one." She liked to point out that Southerners are still raised on the Bible, the grand rhythms and terse realism of which turn up in their prose as naturally as a shrug rises in a Frenchman's shoulders.

Miss O'Connor wrote two novels (*Wise Blood* and *The Violent Bear It Away*) and the 31 stories which are here gathered together for the first time by her editor Robert Giroux, who has provided an introduction and bibliographical notes. From Mr. Giroux we learn that Miss O'Connor was a writer of Flaubertian meticulousness. Nothing left her worktable over which she had not agonized and rewritten draft after draft. It is a surprise to learn that in the age of Faulkner and Kafka she had such trouble with editors who wanted to soften her angular, outrageous stories into more conventional shapes. A German publisher claimed that German sensibilities would be shocked by some of Miss O'Connor's plots. One likes to think that when she heard of this delicacy of the Germans she had herself wheeled out to tell her peacocks about Dachau and Auschwitz. It would be like her.

But we are all Germans when we come to read Flannery O'Connor. She *is* shocking. For one thing, she was a Christian, and not a very civilized one, either. Her Christianity had that purity of the first centuries when to be civilized was the opposite of to be Christian. Miss O'Connor's Christians are the sort who end up in lion's mouths. The conventions of this world all fare terribly in her hands. In our souls she sees the Gadarene swine grunting. Pride blinds our every look. The devil has us all,



as we choose to be in his grasp, feel most comfortable with him, and know that we have his sympathy in all our affairs. He understands us.

Christ, however, is a diligent snatcher back of His own. It is this fierce love of God for His creatures that makes Flannery O'Connor's stories so disturbing and so powerful. Thomas Merton compared her art to Sophocles', whose protagonists are torn asunder by the claims of the gods and the world, but a more apt comparison might be with Tolstoy, who saw how uncomprehendingly men embody the will of God, and how trivial and transparent matter is, once we have learned to see the spirit inside it.

All of this sounds as if Miss O'Connor were a theologian constructing parables. Far from it. Miss O'Connor knew the difference between art and religion, and never confused the two. She saw that her primary duty was to

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LOOKING TOWARD FEBRUARY: W. A. Swanberg follows up his lives of Hearst and Pulitzer with a massive bio of *Henry Luce* (Scribner, $15). . . . *Sean* is a biography by Eileen O'Casey, the playwright's widow (Coward, McCann, $7.95). . . . Now that she's split with Gene, how candid will Abigail McCarthy be in her memoir *From the Beginning* (Doubleday, $8.95)? . . . *A World in Revolution* is the autobiography of a man who helped to put it there, Herbert L. Matthews (Scribner, $10). . . . Mailer's *Existential Errands* includes an open letter to Richard Nixon (Little, Brown, $6.95). . . . Polish émigré Leopold Tyrmand calls Communism "the worst plague ever to befall mankind" in *The Rosa Luxemburg Contraceptives Cooperative* (Macmillan, $6.95).

Year One of the Russian Revolution is an eyewitness account by Victor Serge (Holt, $9.95). . . . *Has the Catholic Church Gone Mad?* asks British author John Eppstein (Arlington House, $6.95). From the same publisher, cancer specialist Dr. Boris Sokoloff does a biopsy on *The Permissive Society* ($8.95). . . . Edmund Muskie's offering in the election-year sweepstakes is *Journeys* (Doubleday, $5.95).

■ PUBLICATIONS: Late 1971 circulation figures for a variety of news and opinion periodicals: *Atlantic*—343,000; *Barron's*—219,000; *Battle Line* (American Conservative Union's monthly)—66,000; *Behavior Today* (newsletter from the *Psychology Today* complex)—15,000; *Catholic Currents* (*Triumph*'s twice-monthly news publication) — 4,000; *Esquire* — 1,291,000; *Forbes*—628,000; *Harper's*—326,000; *Human Events*—86,000; *Intellectual Digest* (also from the *Psychology Today* complex)—206,000; *Modern Age* (a conservative quarterly)—6,000; NATIONAL REVIEW —111,000; *New Republic*—130,000; *Newsweek*—2,607,000; *New York*—305,000; *New Yorker*—465,000; *New York Review of Books*—85,000; *Republican Congressional Committee Newsletter*—42,000; *Review of the News* (John Birch Society weekly)—30,000; *Saturday Review*—640,000; *Time*—4,378,000; *Triumph*—9,000; *Variety*—40,000.

■ AD PAGES: 1971 figures are in for the monthlies. Up sharply (over 5 per cent): *Playboy*, *Psychology Today*, *Reader's Digest*. Down sharply (over 5 per cent); *Esquire*, *Fortune*, *Nation's Business*. Off slightly: *Atlantic*, *Harper's*.

tell an engaging story. Her genius for the comic was superb, and her sense of the ridiculous was delicious. Only by being a writer of hair-raising insight could she deliver such a wallop to our moral complacency.

When Miss O'Connor writes about pride, for instance, she elicits all our sympathy. She makes her proud characters attractive, warm, interesting. We are all ready to welcome them as pleasant company when she begins to let the devil swish his tail. Conversely, she is fond of placing God's work in the hands of seeming idiots and bumpkins. God is without manners and can be most unseemly in His grabbing of souls, and no instrument is unworthy of His use.

These brilliant stories are some of the finest in modern literature. They have been read too long as grotesqueries from the midden of the late Confederacy. Their appeal is universal. Their integrity of design and moral perspicacity will insure their being around for a long time.

JOHN UPDIKE's seventh novel loops back to the second, *Rabbit, Run* (1961), and follows the doings a decade later of Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, ex-basketball hero, linotype operator and the classic American nobody-in-particular. He is still running scared, but in a new scenery. The youngsters around him are popping H, his wife is having a romantic fling with a Greek, men are landing on the moon, and the blacks are reading Mao.

Updike's novels are always substantial, always good to read, and always an aesthetic problem. They are *too* written. Nothing is left to the visual imagination, nothing to the aural, the tactile, the olfactory. He is John O'Hara crossbred with Norman Rockwell. This is no fault, certainly, though one misses in his amazing competence that telling awkwardness of struggle which the greatest art usually has, the exuberant botches of Scott or Faulkner, the shameless fun of Dickens.

In his new novel Mr. Updike has, however, discovered ambiguity. Heretofore he has never quite seen that characters may have souls and motives into which the novelist cannot look. This may be another way of saying that Mr. Updike has at last created a character whom he does not understand. Melville did not understand Ahab, nor Shakespeare Hamlet. They therefore cast shadows and elude explanation, and remain forever interesting.

The young black revolutionary (or criminal, or con man) who enters and confuses Harry Angstrom's already discombobulated life is a character of powerful interest and dramatic force. He embodies the world that Angstrom isn't ever going to understand, and he may be an emblem of the world's future.

John Updike and Flannery O'Connor are very different writers, though both are Christian and both are primarily interested in the spiritually resourceless and the anguished who cannot give a name to their confusion. They are perhaps at the extremes of a single problem. Miss O'Connor saw man pushed from behind, truth being ancient and in everything. Mr. Updike sees man as a creature with neither past nor future, blind and lost, for whom any truth has become so unfamiliar that he will miss it even if he encounters it. □

In the Twenties
By Harry Kessler, translated by Charles Kessler
Holt, 535 pp., $10

DO YOU SUFFER FROM DÉJÀ VU?

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Phoebe Zeitgeist and her left intellectual friends complain more and more frequently of attacks of déjà vu. It is a curious malady to crop up so late in this revolutionary twentieth century; the frustrating sense of having been through it all once before, rather like watching again on the late, late show a grade B movie of thirty years ago. Despite all the heroic gestures and the revolutionary rhetoric liberal intellectuals know that it has all happened once before and ended not only in revolutionary failure but human catastrophe. And of all the discomforting stories and shattering memories which have flickered up out of the grey past none is more disconcerting and anguished for the liberal mentality than the story of Weimar Germany from 1918 to 1933.

Otto Friederich in an introduction to

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Count Harry Kessler's diaries of the Weimar and post-Weimar years writes not altogether rhetorically, "Fascinated by the cynical spirit of doomed Berlin, we necessarily come back to political questions. How did the disaster happen, and why, and are we ourselves really immune to the disease? From American university presses nowadays there pours a stream of books, morbidly analyzing and documenting the tragedy— . . ."

In a review of another book dealing with Weimar history, Gordon Craig observed, "The reason for this new interest is not difficult to find. Some contemporary intellectuals, in Germany and in this country, recognize in the tragic history of the Weimar Republic a preview of their own times and find reflected in the experience of its artists and writers their own existential drama and their own alienation from a materialistic society. . . ."

No one book will indicate for us in any satisfactory way whether or not the Weimar analogy is a valid one, but Count Kessler's diaries come as close as any single book can come to answering this terrible question.

The answer it gives is not an unambiguous one; the historical situations and the political problems are so different in nature. But, aside from these differences, Weimar and contemporary America share one socially fatal element—an intellectual elite that is utopian, politically naïve, decadent and obsessed with power. Not since the French Enlightenment had the intelligentsia in any European state exhibited such a pronounced collective death-wish or felt quite such a compelling nostalgia for the gutter. Weimar too had its radical chic, and got its kicks from human corruption and depravity. Weimar too spun out its dreams of a utopian future to be won by revolutionary violence while it lives out its everydays in an atmosphere of chronic pessimism, cynicism, and political and economic bankruptcy. The rise of the Nazis would have ben quite unthinkable had not the Left and the liberal intellectuals of the Weimar era been so successful in their dissolution and destruction of the social and moral fabric of German society.

It is for this reason that Count Kessler's diaries are such fascinating reading. They are not, of course, intended as self-indictment. True to form, Kessler believes that there are no enemies on the Left; that the police are wrong when they beat rioting Communists and right when they use their rubber truncheons on National Socialists. But in spite of all the special pleading and revolutionary posturing a rather accurate and unpleasant picture of Weimar intellectuality emerges from the pages of Kessler's diaries.

No doubt Weimar was one of the most intensely creative and innovative periods in human history. The artistic sensibility and philosophical sophistication of Weimar find few parallels. Scientific genius and cultural innovation made Weimar, as Hannah Arendt has expressed it, another Periclean Age. But it was sophistication and creativity purchased at the terrible price of nihilism and political anarchy.

Count Kessler knew everyone worth knowing in Berlin, Paris and London. Like many who love the proletariat in the abstract he was in practical situations a fearful snob. Here, for example, is his picture of Matthias Erzberger, leader of the Catholic Center Party and soon to be shot down by political assassins: "I had a full view of his badly made, flat-soled boots, his comic trousers rising via corkscrew crinkles to his full-moon bottom, his broad and thick-set peasant shoulders, of the whole fat, sweaty, unattractive, utterly plebeian creature. I could see every clumsy move of his clumsy body, every change of color in his chubby cheeks, every drop of sweat on his greasy forehead. . . ." Nor is this an untypical attack of spleen on Kessler's part. It is duplicated in a dozen envenomed *aperçus*.

Kessler's political judgments were very like his assessments of character and personality. They had a patina of sophistication but at bottom were arbitrary, uninformed, naïve, utopian and antidemocratic. He could not stand the Social Democratic government of small men, compromise and the quest for amelioration rather than utopian transformation. Kessler was unhappy with a politics which was the art of the possible and like so many of his counterparts in liberal America he sought the realization of the impossible.

Thomas Mann in his novel *Dr. Faustus*, which deals with the Weimar period, describes just such a set of attitudes. "However, the least passionate recognition of the actual, just out of sheer pleasure in recognition, always contains some shade of approbation; so why should one not accompany such objective perceptions of the time with a many-sided, yes, all-embracing critique of the bourgeois tradition? By the bourgeois tradition I mean the values of culture, enlightenment, humanity, in short of such dreams as the uplifting of the people through scientific civilization. They who practiced this critique were men of education, culture, science. They did it indeed, smiling; with a blitheness and intellectual complacency which lent the thing a special, pungent, disquieting, or even slightly perverse charm. It is probably superfluous to state that not for a moment did they recognize the form of government which we got as a result of defeat, the freedom that fell in our laps, in a word the democratic republic, as anything to be taken seriously as the legitimized frame of the new situation. With one accord they treated it as ephemeral, as meaningless from the start, yes, as a bad joke to be dismissed with a shrug." The consequence was that the man who hated Erzberger, and was dismayed by Ebert and the other founding fathers of the Weimar Republic, fled fifteen years later a refugee from the Nazi terror.

Stephen Spender tells us that in his walks about London he often passed the statue of nurse Edith Cavell, martyred in Belgium in the First World War. It bears the inscription: "Patriotism is not enough." Spender goes on to say that he wished to reply to the fine-spun and unrealistic sensitivities of Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Circle that "sensibility is not enough." That sensibility is not enough is, in the final analysis, the criticism which must be made of Count Kessler and all those whose sentiments bulk so much larger than their principles. □

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In Bluebeard's Castle. Some Notes towards the Redefinition of Culture
By George Steiner
Yale, 141 pp., $5.95

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

ELISEO VIVAS

Mr. Steiner's "T. S. Eliot Lectures" for 1971 return us, we are told, to issues posed by Eliot in his 1948 *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*. As far as I can make out, Mr. Steiner's problems arise from the barbarism of our century, on which Eliot had almost nothing to say. Steiner has a great deal to say about it in a tone of sustained eloquence, while seemingly presenting a causal account of its origin. I say, "as far as I can say," and "seemingly," because protracted effort to get past the eloquent fuzz to the warp of the argument was not altogether successful. It is possible that a more perspicuous mind will find a strong thread running through the argument where I found only a number of loose, thin, discontinuous threads.

In the first lecture, "The Great Ennui," Mr. Steiner traces to "the summer of 1815-1915," the origin of the inhumanity displayed by us of the West. This phenomenon was caused by the great ennui from which the long summer suffered. *La grande épopée* literally quickened the pace of felt time, and the marked violence that came about contributed to a change in the tone of our sexual relations. The evidence? It "is plain enough" as early as Wordsworth's Lucy poems, Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne, and Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*.

The second lecture, "A Season in Hell," brings us to the massacre of seventy million people in our century. Mr. Steiner finds the causes for the appalling butchery in the invention of monotheism by the Jews, and in its heirs, primitive Christianity and messianic socialism. They are said to be three supreme moments in which Western culture confronts "the blackmail of transcendence." Our barbarism is the result of our hatred of the people who set us an ideal toward which we strained and failed to reach but which remains profoundly desirable. In the third lecture, "In a Post-Culture," we are told that three factors account for the destruction of the inner forms of Western culture: our loss of belief in the superiority of our civilization to all others, the decisive damage suffered by "the axiom of progress," and "an axiom we can no longer put forward" that there is a natural progression from the individual's cultivation of feeling and intellect, the individual's culture, to rational behavior in society, to culture in the sociological sense.

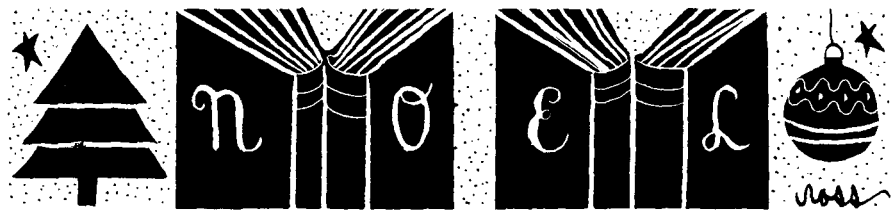
In the fourth lecture, "Tomorrow," Mr. Steiner sketches the future. A culture of music, mathematics and science, technology, computerization, electronic data-processing and large-scale ecological modification will displace our literary culture, bringing about a revolution in awareness that can today only be crudely guessed at. However, Steiner concludes, although science and technology have brought with them "fierce problems," men will insist on opening Bluebeard's last door; whatever the threat, they will continue to inquire. In view of the prospect there are two possible stances: Freud's stoic acquiescence and the Nietzschean gaiety in the face of an inhuman but always fascinating world. Mr. Steiner prefers the latter.

LEST MY summary should have failed to bring out the intellectual irresponsibility displayed in these pages, let me make explicit, hastily, the ground for my judgment. The evidence for our barbarism is found in the great ennui expressed by Baudelaire, Schopenhauer, a few other writers, and no doubt some of their readers. Since Mr. Steiner seems to be writing about Western civilization in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it is in order to ask exactly who, besides the few writers he mentions and their readers, suffered from ennui and how does Steiner know that they did. Also, how can one establish the fact that those who suffered from ennui played the part attributed by Mr. Steiner to them?

La grande épopée paralyzed man. "How was it possible," Steiner asks, "for a young man to hear his father's tales of the Terror of Austerlitz and amble down the placid boulevard to the countinghouse?" Since no gifted young man could, the men who made the magnificent scientific discoveries of the century were not gifted. Neither were the men who accomplished the geographical explorations; nor the passionate men who, in England, first brought about the prohibition of the slave trade and later of slavery, who accomplished the reforms, who brought about imperial expansion, who accomplished the technical and commercial conquests, nor the Americans who trekked to the Pacific. But how did the young man who could not amble down the boulevard to the countinghouse manage to pass on to us, his descendants, the moral virus that turned a number of us into genocidal maniacs? The process is not explored.

But you should not ask these kinds of questions when you are reading "a frighteningly clever man," as he was called by C. P. Snow in an advertisement of *In Bluebeard's Castle*. Particularly when Steiner tells you candidly that we "know" (his quotation marks) the past "in a special, symbolically structured sense of the word," that "the sources" of knowledge "are often purely literary or pictorial," and that his "inner nineteenth century is the creation of Dickens or Renoir." Facts, apparently, play a part in the redefinition of culture only when they fit the author's "inner picture" of it, and when needed, the poets and the novelists supply them selectively. Thus: reading the novels of Flaubert "one should have sensed much of the void that was undermining European stability"; Balzac dramatized "one of the focal points of the modern crises"; and Stendhal is the chronicler of genius of the generation of 1830, a generation that nurtured within "*un fond d'incurable tristesse et d'incurable ennui*."

Do these lectures add anything to Eliot's *Definition* of 1948? Very little of substance, besides the emphasis on the genocide of our age. There is the eloquence already noted; there is a great display of reading; and there is a developed talent for metaphors drawn from science that obscure rather than clarify thought. "Is it reasonable to suppose that a very high civilization will develop implosive stresses and impulses toward self-destruction?" In case we miss the recondite allusion, we are



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told in more words than I use, that "the model" is that of a star that, after attaining a critical mass, will collapse inwardly, flaring out brilliantly. Elsewhere we are told that "we are caught in a Brownian movement at a very vital, molecular level of individual and society."

Under the frighteningly clever surface there is little in Steiner's essay. The chief reason is probably that he has not clarified Eliot's confused use of the term "culture." In his *Definition* Eliot shuttled without awareness from "culture" in the sense of refinement of the individual's sensibility to "culture" in the several overlapping sociological uses of the term. Mr. Steiner perpetuates the confusion. This is the reason for his shock at the fact that the culture of an individual or a class does not necessarily have a humane effect on the life of a society. Individual culture has spread in our century while becoming thinner and more coarse; but its spread did not prevent the outbreak of genocidal madness. Why not? Because the source of the madness was not the ennui of a few or of many, or "the blackmail of transcendence." It lay beyond the reach of culture. But if so, the serious thinker gives up the Pelagian notion of man dear to the liberal heart and accepts, however reluctantly, Dostoevsky's vision of man as the man of the underground.

No doubt Mr. Steiner is frighteningly clever. But he is frightening because of the way in which he misuses his talent. His literary talent "implodes" on his limitations. He is a literary critic; not my kind of critic, but a respectable critic nevertheless. But as a philosopher of culture—well, he is just not there, just not there at all. Beyond the surface brilliance, beyond the pyrotechnics of phrase and the arroyo of reference, there is very little but muck. The irresponsibility of this type of definition, or explanation, or what-have-you, would not be worth exposing were it not for the fact that Steiner is a frighteningly clever master of a method employed in one way or another by the sociological critics of literature—men who should be called, more precisely, the literary critics of society. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NEWSPAPER STORY: *One Hundred Years of the Boston Globe, by Louis M. Lyons (Harvard, 482 pp., $9.95).* In this nicely illustrated, anecdotal history, the dean of Boston journalists recounts the life of his journal and describes in vivid detail the operations of newspapers generally, winding up with an institutional history a cut far above most. The *Globe* became one of America's great liberal dailies, along the way giving brilliant coverage to such incidents as the case of Lizzie Borden (who "took an axe, gave her mother forty whacks; when she saw what she had done, gave her father forty-one"); the horrible Coconut Grove fire; the Sacco-Vanzetti case; Lyons' 1940 interview with Joseph Kennedy which, despite Kennedy's later complaint that he had instructed that the discussion remain off-the-record, wound up in print, causing such a stir that the Founding Father resigned his ambassadorship to Britain; and much more. Mr. Lyons' wry wit is apparent as he sketches the men and women who made the *Globe* and the public figures made and unmade by the paper. His writing is Yankee-spare, yet leaves out practically nothing, which may make it too much for some but certainly makes it good reading for us journalism nuts. For 27 years a *Globe* reporter, for two decades curator of Harvard's Nieman Fellowships for journalists, and forever, it seems, voice of the news on New England public television, Louis Lyons is a cantankerous, opinionated liberal who doesn't lose many opportunities in his book to dig needles gently into the other side—sometimes, I think, he doesn't know that there's anything respectable on the other side—or to show where Truth lies. Although Mr. Lyons is still fighting the (Joe) McCarthy wars in the last pages, and rather oblivious to the lamentable turn to the left taken of late by his beloved *Globe*, *Newspaper Story* is a model account of a notable newspaper written by a journalist's journalist. D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE PRINCE AND HIS LADY: *The Love Story of the Duke of Kent and Madame de St. Laurent, by Mollie Gillen (St. Martin's Press, 282 pp., $8.95).* George III's sons have fared badly at the hands of historians—not that contemporaries had much to say for them either. For Queen Victoria they were "my wicked uncles." But now the work of rehabilitation is under way. From the loyal Dominions comes a sympathetic account both of Victoria's father's 27 years with his *chère amie*, the *bourgeoise, provinciale,* and thoroughly decent Thérèse-Bernadine, and of his brief military career, which coincided with the first period of their liaison. The Australian-Canadian Mrs. Gillen joins Elizabeth Longford in a new "school" of lady biographers of the Hanoverians. She exonerates royal Edward of the principal charge against him for lo, these 170 years: that he himself through fiendish discipline invited the mutinies and disgrace which drove him out of his commands and out of the army. Fussy and unlucky, yes; incompetent or severe, no. His "future demolished before his eyes," HRH retired to all-but-married bliss with Madame, without alas living happily ever after. A wretched manager of money, he found himself forced in middle age to secure a larger income from a grateful nation—by marrying and siring an heir to the throne. This embarrassment, not the dubious future of the dynasty after the Regent's daughter died, Mrs. Gillen notes, terminated the Duke's and Madame's *ménage.* A standard royal marriage of convenience with a German princess ensued and of it came the future Queen and Empress. Whereupon the Duke immediately expired. The story gives us few villains (only Kent's august brothers of Wales and York) and no heroes but the Duke and *son amie.* Is it too much to say that their life of unwed happiness displayed a fidelity and decorum positively Victorian? J. D. FUTCH

THE GANG AND THE ESTABLISHMENT, *by Richard W. Poston (Harper, 269 pp., $7.95).* This book is must reading for those who wonder why the poverty program really went wrong. Dr. Poston, a sociology professor at the University of Southern Illinois, was one of the white angels who, in 1967-68, helped establish Youth Organizations United (YOU), a national coalition of criminal gangs (mostly Negro but a heavy sprinkling of other racial minorities). He tells how he himself has been "conned" by gang members who learned their sociologese from white liberals and continued their criminal activities, meanwhile flimflamming the Establishment with mythical tales of their "reform." After an initial grant of $15,000 from the Stern Family Fund in 1967, several gang leaders went around the country recruiting representatives of other criminal gangs to come to a meeting in East St. Louis in March 1968. This meeting (one long, boozy party) was paid for by the Labor Department's Coalition for Youth Action to the tune of $35,325. Even though a subsequent Labor Department audit recommended "no further contracts be awarded this organization," YOU managed to get two more Labor and one OEO grant under LBJ. The biggest grant of all, however, was awarded by HEW in June 1970. Dr. Poston completes the picture by describing the role of the media in building the myth about the problem-solving capacities of these criminal ghetto gangs into a reality in the public's mind. E. H. BIDDLE JR.

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Arts & Manners

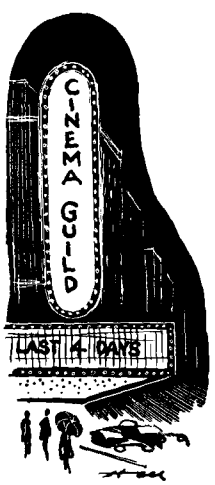
MOVIES

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Inevitably someone was bound to make a film about the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and my only surprise on seeing Giuliano Montaldo's current version is that something of the kind had not been done decades earlier. Nine years ago Dino De Laurentiis was planning his own Sacco-Vanzetti venture. I tried to persuade him at the time to have some regard for the actualities, since after the 1961 ballistics tests, after the mounting doubts that Fred Moore as chief defense counsel had expressed about the innocence of his clients, after the anarchist leader Carlo Tresca's flat admission of Sacco's guilt, it was no longer possible to hold to the dogma of two guileless philosophical anarchists done to death by a corrupt and fearful capitalist society. Whereupon one of De Laurentiis' many aides de ciné argued that even so, what David Felix in his study of the intellectuals and the case had called "the myth of innocence betrayed" had become so firmly established as a liberal belief that it would be undesirable to challenge it. De Laurentiis then imported a Hollywood writer, Edward Anhalt, and gave him three months to prepare the script he had in mind. Anhalt's version was of the shoemaker-philosopher with his wife and child in their rose-bowered bungalow. "Just a love-nest, cozy and warm!" Into this proletarian paradise come the hounds of hell, harriers of innocent Red dreamers and philosophical radicals. Anhalt crossed each T and dotted every I of the myth, giving special attention to Rosina Sacco since she was to be played by Dino's wife. For some months De Laurentiis' New York office had its postage meters reading: SEE SACCO AND VANZETTI. Then for some reason the whole project was junked.

A YEAR AGO this past summer when Montaldo was in this country getting background material for his Sacco-Vanzetti film, I tried to persuade him to make a semi-documentary that would be true to all the known facts, without committing himself finally to either guilt or innocence. I showed him a blown-up photograph in which a shell found at the scene of the crime was matched to one fired in Sacco's Colt; I told him of Moore's doubts and Tresca's admission; I explained how Sacco's alibi had been torpedoed and I underlined the singular silence of the Sacco family. I wasted my breath. *Sacco and Vanzetti* is just a repeat version of the old unreasoning and unreasonable myth of innocence betrayed. Nevertheless Montaldo in his heart must know better.



Putting the myth to one side, what kind of film is *Sacco and Vanzetti;* what would be its effect if it were just *Smith and Jones*? I found myself that it dragged to the point of second-degree ennui. Those two hours in the dark seemed like five. Yet I must admit that the audience, predominantly college students, did not share my apolitical tedium. At times they even applauded the celluloid. I suppose they were attending the lay church of their choice, and Monsignor Montaldo was merely preaching to the converted. On my way out, after two hours of exposed and overexposed villainy, I heard a Cambridge student remark to his girl: "Things haven't changed a bit in this country!"

I understand a few of the scenes were shot in New Jersey, the rest in Italy. Hence there is nothing that even remotely resembles the Massachusetts landscape, the Dedham courthouse or Charlestown State Prison where Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. The opening shots are supposedly of the infamous Red raids of 1919. In this version they look more like a Sicilian razzia. I was charmed however to see the Boston police driving in an antique Mercedes. Just in the interests of historical accuracy, and at the risk of sounding pedantic, I should like to point out that the men of 1921 did not wear wide trousers. Those came in three years later. Similarly women's helmet-shaped hats were not in vogue until the later Twenties.

Montaldo's trial is an imaginative tour de force, nothing like it since that trial in *Alice in Wonderland.* Of course it bears not the slightest relation to anything that ever took place in a Massachusetts courtroom. The judge wields a gavel the size of a croquet mallet; the courtroom itself is packed with SDS students who boo the judge's rulings and pick fights with the police. Incidentally, Massachusetts justices do not have gavels. The district attorney makes a flag-waving oration to the jury that I presume Montaldo must have written himself, since there is no trace of it in the official transcript. As the verdict is brought in, Rosina Sacco—played by a pallidly charming young mute whose name escaped me—faints, in the grand old tradition of *Little Women* and *The Five Little Peppers.* The real Rosina was made of sterner stuff.

To sum up, the technicolor *Sacco and Vanzetti* is straight black and white, the goods *v.* the bads, melodrama instead of the tragedy that the case actually was. No hint of Moore's doubts. No indication of the evidence from the later ballistics tests. Nothing about Tresca's devastating admission, nor of the collapse of Sacco's alibi. Even Sacco's last words at his execution are fudged. The film Sacco says: "Farewell my friends and comrades." What the real Sacco said was first: "Long live anarchy!"; then, "Farewell my wife and child and all my friends." Yet in the farrago of the film distortions there is one moment of truth. Governor Fuller interviews Vanzetti a few days before the execution, and on leaving tells him:

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"You have the choice of being a myth or a human being." Vanzetti did have this choice. Not sharing Sacco's guilt, being indeed no more than an accessory after the fact he could at the end have saved his life by talking. He preferred —and for this he has my high respect— to die for the sake of that myth and the cause in which he believed.

With the material at hand the actors did very well. Cyril Cusack, in spite of the embalmed rhetoric he had to spout as the district attorney, is the outstanding player in this charade. Not far behind him, swinging the croquet mallet, is Geoffrey Keen. Milo O'Shea is a more reasonable facsimile of Moore than he was of Leopold Bloom. As for the martyrs, Gian Maria Volonte and Riccardo Cucciolla, red halos and all, bear a striking resemblance to the two dead anarchists. Savage indignation vies with innocence betrayed, and they do a good job of it for anyone who likes that sort of thing. Meanwhile at intervals Joan Baez hums and strums "The Ballad of Sacco and Vanzetti," leading off for some personal reason with Emma Lazarus' environmental verses inscribed on the Statue of Liberty. The tune is a sing-song whine. Nevertheless I like Joan Baez. With the right singing teacher and a lot of hard work I think she could go a long way. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Happy New Year!

At this time of the year, it is customary to make resolutions to talk less, drink less, tell fewer lies, be more charitable toward all (well, almost all), get thinner, read less trash, learn a foreign language and so on. Well, I've made them all, and what's more, over and again. As for keeping my resolutions, let us draw a veil and tiptoe away. But I am loath to let the season go by without a custom as traditional as carols and wassail. Therefore, I shall make a number of good gastronomic resolutions for some of us who do not seem to be able to make them for ourselves. If this is not charitable of me, helping out, what is?

Providers of Airline Food: Abolish the plastic meals of elderly boiled foam rubber masquerading as meat, vegetables etc. Realize that it is impossible to achieve decent sandwiches for airplanes. Pack a picnic lunch of one or two *good* cold cuts, a hunk of cheese and one of fresh bread, some fruit and a cookie. Serve hot soup carried in vacuum jars, just as coffee is served.

Expensive French Restaurants: Sautéed fish, broiled liver and roast chicken, however exquisite, are not what people want when they go out *to dine.* Since the chefs of these places are allegedly so marvelous, why not let them show some of their art?

All Restaurants: Hot plates, smaller portions and don't waste so much food.

Menu Makers: Describe the dishes in plain English, and don't tell lies about "fresh," "flown-in," "herbed," "succulent" and the like. Pfui.

Providers of Orange Juice: Don't say that orange juice is "fresh orange juice" unless it was squeezed from a real orange, and to order.

Wine Waiters and Hosts: Let the folks see, or tell them, what they are drinking, in good-sized plain glasses (8 to 10 ounces) and not in fancy thimbles.

Newspaper Food Writers: Less philosophy and more details, with judicious judgments as to value and costs, of the new—and not so new—foods we are bewildered by when we shop.

Cookbook Publishers: Do not encourage the trash that passes for cookbooks in order to make a quick and dishonest buck. Check recipes to see if they are tested. Faulty cookbooks are faulty merchandise, and were they appliances or clothes, they would be returned so fast.

Cookbook Writers: At least rewrite recipes swiped from other books, publicity releases or packages. Explain what an unfamiliar recipe should be like: liquid, firm, spicy or whatever, so that the cook has some idea if she has done things right. TEST RECIPES!

Cooks Taken in by Cookbooks: Return the book with indignant letter to the publisher and demand your money back (see above). This applies especially to books promising you instant chefdom, such as written by chefs, or restaurants. Even simple cooking requires some practice, and chef cooking takes lots of practice, besides taking for granted chef's techniques, restaurant resources, assistant help and serving knowledge. Everybody in the food field knows this is so, yet the myth of instant chefdom is perpetuated each season.

Hostesses and Hosts: Don't force food or drink on your guests, and believe them when they say they don't want any more. Don't be offended if a guest does not want to eat something you've cooked.

All Who Make Coffee: Abide by the undeniable fact that only freshly made coffee is worth drinking. Better a good instant or freeze-dried coffee freshly made with boiling water than making coffee ahead of time and keeping it hot.

All Who Eat Out: Remember at all times that restaurants, their waiters and their food are there for *you,* not the other way around. Complain, send food back, make a fuss—it's the only way to improve the shocking way many restaurants are run. It's your money that keeps them going: Engrave this on your heart.

HERE ARE A FEW simple holiday recipes when the time to cook is short:

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH SAGE

The sage makes all the difference in this recipe from Tuscany and Rome. Keep chicken livers whole. Season them with salt and pepper and coat them with chopped fresh or crumbled dried sage. Wrap the livers in strips of lean bacon. String them on small skewers or toothpicks—one or two for each, depending on the livers' size. Lay the

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skewers in a shallow baking pan and broil them for about 3 to 4 minutes, or until the bacon is medium crisp.

MARGRETHE SCHANNE'S HAMBURGER

She was the ethereal first ballerina of the Danish Royal Ballet, and an excellent cook. The trick of this dish is to cook it very quickly.

6 tablespoons butter
4 small or medium onions, thinly sliced
1 teaspoon sugar
1 pound ground steak, shaped into 4 patties
pepper
4 tablespoons butter, cut into pieces
6 tablespoons brandy
salt

Heat the butter in a skillet and cook the onions in it until they are golden, but not brown. Stir the sugar into the onions. Keep hot. Coat the beef patties on one side with freshly ground pepper to taste. Heat another skillet, preferably a heavy one. Add one of the four tablespoons of butter and heat. Add the patties and brown over high heat on both sides. Lower heat and add four tablespoons of the brandy. Flame. When the flames have died down, add the remaining three tablespoons of butter. When the butter is melted, add the remaining two tablespoons of brandy and flame. When the flame has died down, salt the patties. Serve on hot plates, with onions piled on top of each patty. Serve sauce separately or pour over meat. Serve with boiled or baked potatoes and a tossed green salad, or one of Belgian endives and watercress, dressed with a mild French dressing.

FINNISH BREAD
(a rich cookie)

½ cup butter, at room temperature
¼ cup sugar
1¼ cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 egg yolk, beaten
½ cup blanched almonds, finely chopped

Cream the butter and sugar until fluffy and light. Gradually stir in the flour, but mix only until blended; do not overbeat. With floured hands, shape the dough into 2 x 4 inch fingers. Dip the fingers into the beaten egg yolk and roll in almonds. Bake on an ungreased cookie sheet in a preheated slow oven (325°F.) for about 15 to 20 minutes or until golden.

And finally, a thought for the New Year: Nostalgia is great, but it's not what it used to be. □

THEATER

AL MARTINEZ

Sail On, Sweet Liberal

Mention ecology in a crowd of liberals and one out of every three will achieve climax. It is a passionate word, and activists react to it with predictable abandon. But while the term may excite a liberal, and its application save the world, can the idea sustain a musical revue? The answer is, sort of.

Ron Thronson (book and lyrics) and Toni Shearer (music) are putting the notion to a test with the American Conservatory Theater's San Francisco production of *Mother Earth*, a new revue somewhat after the manner of *Hair*, though not so hairy.

Mother Earth opened in Southern California then quickly moved north when its producer discovered that not too many of those living down there know what ecology means, and if you don't know the term you won't dig the message.

The messages fly fast, and you've got to stay alert or they'll zoom right on past. One no sooner agrees that a mechanical redwood tree will never replace the real thing than he is called upon to believe that there is new hope for the dead.

The latter has to do with a skit satirizing the population boom, and it builds on the premise that while dying is fundamentally bad, things could be worse. For instance, you could be suspended in liquid and left to dream eternity away.

Then we move on to smoggy air, murky water, loud noises, ugly billboards, tainted food, vanishing wildlife, chemical contamination, pre-programed children, radioactive clouds, old people, used cars, overproduction, undernourishment and all the other haunts of a cluttered society. It takes the breath away.

The whole problem is right there before your very eyes, jammed into two and a half hours that move surprisingly fast considering the awesome scope of the theme.

The setting is simple but effective and utilizes color slides in an interesting overlay of the unreal on the real. You see the universe, a cluster of stardust and darkness, as the cast belts you with a dirge for the Earth.

It is all packaged in a style that combines bubblegum rock with the hoedown sound, plus some jazzy vaudevillian asides that speed the action when it threatens to bog in smog.

There are those slow times, to be sure, as we beat the old themes to death; radioactive terminate, for instance. Radioactive sickness isn't fun anymore after the first couple of mentions, gang, though one might squeeze a laugh out of Strontium-90 in mother's milk.

Strangely, however, the whole combination seems generally to work through the 55 separate skits, songs and assorted blackouts that snap across the stage.

No small credit is due the cast of ten who explode into and out of each number with breathtaking enthusiasm and considerable talent.

There is even vitality to a skit that has a cast member enveloped in a large cloth bag and thrashing about in a corner of the stage struggling to free himself, or herself, though he (she) never does. One admires the moment even while missing the point.

A San Francisco audience (dressed in hot pants, blue jeans, star-spangled shirts and see-through blouses) loves this kind of challenging symbolism, and they have been giving *Mother Earth* standing ovations.

"Sail On, Sweet Universe" may become the catchtune of the ecology movement as we march off to save the redwoods and the bald eagle while smiting the polluters and the killers.

One wonders, however, whether the vigorous response to *Mother Earth* is peculiar to San Francisco, a town that loves a cause it can hum, or whether the revue is actually destined for coast-to-coast success.

It really doesn't matter, I suppose. Isn't it enough just being a liberal in such a marvelously wretched age? □

Francis Russell *has long been interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He is the author of* Tragedy in Dedham. . . . **Al Martinez** *is on the staff of the* Oakland Tribune.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1446)

far greater. In my parish in the Bronx, this year's tuition is $520 per family. Only a family with five elementary-school children, therefore, is paying the quoted rate. Nearby parishes charge between $200 and $400 depending on the number of children in the family attending the school, but they are crying loudly for increases.

No matter how excellent the education is, nor how serious the financial plight of the system, many of us feel we cannot support a system that is increasingly only for the benefit of the more affluent members of the parish.

Bronx, N.Y. MARY V. LAURO

Is Taiwan Chinese?

May I hope that I can argue that Taiwan is a part of China and still remain a conservative? In your editorial "Taiwan: the Crunch" [Nov. 5] you state: "Culturally and historically the local Taiwanese are as much Japanese as Chinese." The last time I was there, they were still Chinese, speaking a dialect of Chinese and acting like Chinese, especially in the countryside, where the customs of Fukien Province of Mainland China are continued. Your statement would have been correct applied to a diminishing group of older Taiwanese who had gone through the Japanese educational system, but for the past 25 years this system has been Chinese, and the younger people (and most of the Taiwanese are younger people) are quite Chinese. So, "culturally the Taiwanese are Chinese; historically there is a slight Japanese overlay"; that sounds better.

By the way, what do postage stamps have to do with the matter? Surely you would not argue that East Germany is not potentially a part of (West) Germany because they do not use the same stamps?

Madison, Wisc. ROBERT A. JUHL

More on Hitchhiking

Robert Wilson ["Letters," Oct. 22] seems to me to over-react to Douglas Anderson's article on hitchhiking [Sept. 24]. I believe that hitchhiking can be made legal, and that hitchhikers' present situation can be thus somewhat improved. Assaults, robberies and murders? If I invite you into my home, and you assault me, should house visiting be abolished in law? However, perhaps the law might provide that where I allowed a hitchhiker to ride with me I may not have him charged with any crime that would not have occurred had I not allowed him aboard. Also, perhaps it should not defend me if I, a hitchhiker, am robbed by the driver or one of his passengers. Those provisions would be a valid extension, and, in a sense, price, of the right to negotiate a private contract to hitchhike. Of course, no vehicle should block traffic, or slow it down, in picking up or discharging a hitchhiker.

Brooklyn, N.Y. NICK LEVINSON

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REYNOLDS
(Continued from page 1464)

prices. It is also necessary, for union wage increases to create upward pressure on prices, that such increases in wage *rates* not be offset by a reduction in the number of employees, or in hours worked. In a recent article agreeing with my opposition to controls, but defending the notion of cost-push inflation (*NR*, Oct. 8), John Davenport says collective bargaining creates "higher pay for some, declining employment for others." But this implies the *total* wage-expense may well stay the same, and that there is, therefore, *no cost increase* to exert upward pressure on prices.

Actually, median over-all wages of manufacturing unions (as opposed to government, construction and medical unions) have not even managed to stay even with recent increases in nonunion wages, except for 1970-1971 when some unions tried to recover from their relative losses in four of the previous five years. This timing of manufacturing wage increases conflicts with the common contention that such wages caused the recent price-inflation, which peaked in 1968-1969 and then dropped in the first seven months of this year (when unions achieved sizable gains) to the lowest rate since 1967. Moreover, except for the licensing problem in housing and medical care, recent price increases have been greatest in nonunionized fields, such as services, and the smallest price increases have been in union-produced consumer durables, including automobiles. Unions may cause *high* prices, they have not caused *rising* prices.

Unions may, however, have contributed to total unemployment if, by displacing prospective entrants, they created an excess supply of job-seekers at institutional or legal minimum-wage rates. But even if there were sufficient low-skilled jobs to absorb those excluded from unions, there remains a clear implication of *under*employment, in the sense of manpower waste, which has reduced potential output and growth. Many other typical union activities likewise suggest a reduced rate of production: These include opposition to rewarding superior individual productivity, control over fringe benefits and seniority rights (which reduces labor mobility), and the creation of make-work schemes which retain labor where it isn't needed ("disguised unemployment").

There is, therefore, both on grounds of equity and efficiency, a powerful argument for reducing the monopoly power of certain unions by eliminating compulsory use of licensed tradesmen, introducing competition into the overly regulated transportation industry, and opening industrywide de facto closed shops through antitrust action. To buttress this case with the notion that unions cause inflation is redundant and unnecessary. More important, it simply isn't true.

To summarize, in order for unions to cause lasting increases in *specific* prices, they must be protected against competition by government. In order for these few protected unions to cause *generally* rising prices, their wage-rate increases must not be offset by reduced wages and/or employment in the same industry or elsewhere, their relative advantage over nonunion wages must be increasing substantially, and their employers must face continually rising monetary demand in order to raise prices year after year without experiencing continually falling sales.

If there is a case for cost-push inflation, it must be found in the areas where price increases have been most pronounced, namely in government service, medical care, construction and regulated transportation (in my opinion, the cost of these increases was greater unemployment and reduced after-tax real incomes). But these are clearly instances of *too much* government regulation, and are hardly likely to be cured by more of the same. As President Nixon said in his "Economic Report," "In some cases the response of costs and prices has been slow, as the result of insulation from market forces. Often these market problems have been created by the government itself."

Last February, the President's Council of Economic Advisers suggested that "mandatory comprehensive price and wage controls are undesirable, unnecessary, and probably unworkable. The government should not rely on pseudo-solutions for real problems and should not delude the public about doing so." Seven European countries have thus deluded their people by attempting wage-price controls, and they have wound up with consumer prices increasing by an average of over 50 per cent since 1963. By contrast, Italy, West Germany, Switzerland and Canada have used few controls, if any, and have experienced average price increases of less than 32 per cent in the same period. Did someone say something about price controls being a "direct" approach to inflation?

What we need, following a ninety-day tax and money supply freeze, is for unions and management to set-up a Pay Board and a Price Commission to check government salaries, regulate the regulatory bureaus, and review all corresponding taxes (the "price" of government). Where the excess losses are observed, we should insist on a roll-back of taxes. Preliminary investigations along these lines suggest that whatever the chairman of the Federal Reserve is being paid, it's *way* too much. □

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On The Right

Mss. Davis and Steinem

New York, Dec. 12—Miss Gloria Steinem, you will remember, is the lady who has put herself in the high command of the movement to secure equal rights for women. To judge from some of her recent activities, she veers dangerously close to the position that no woman can be held responsible for anything, even as, during the hysteria of the spring of 1970, Kingman Brewster of Yale University came close to saying that no murder should be investigated if it is possible that it was committed by a Black Panther.

Miss Steinem has, for instance, now consented to serve as the treasurer of a committee to raise funds for Angela Davis, which reminds me that there must be more groups raising money for Angela Davis, than for the refugees of Pakistan, or the deliverance of Venice. Thus I, and no doubt tens of thousands of others, have received a form letter, written from the "Marin County Jail, San Rafael, California," from Angela Davis, stating her case, and urging us to send money to her in care of "Gloria Steinem, Treas."

Miss Davis gets right to the point. It isn't just she who is on trial, but a whole race of people. "My life is at stake, but as I have repeatedly said, not simply the life of a lone individual, but a life which belongs to black people and all who are tired of poverty and racism and the unjust imprisonment of tens of thousands."

Now: I know of people who a) are tired of poverty, b) are tired of racism, c) don't believe in the unjust imprisonment of one person, let alone tens of thousands of persons; who d) are black, some of them; e) white, others of them—who don't identify with Angela Davis at all. We are all standing by to defend Miss Davis if events suggest that she is being railroaded. But where are these events?

Miss Davis is ready to cope with any suspicion of unsuspiciousness. She has been denied bail. "We have long considered my release on bail as a basic condition of judicial fairness." That is only one of the reasons we are urged to conclude she is scheduled for a "legal lynching." California authorities, she explains, are "intent on maintaining and intensifying the racist hysteria which is inherent in the prosecution itself." And indeed California officials "have created an atmosphere of military occupation in the Marin Civic Center." And as for witnesses? "George Jackson, who would have played an important role in my defense, has been killed."

Now here, more or less unadorned, is what Angela Davis is contending:

—That the United States is far gone in repression, indeed that "tens of thousands" of Americans are unjustly imprisoned.

—That she is a special victim of American oppressors, primarily because she is black.

—That the courts in California have no intention of giving her the rights commonly given to other defendants in like circumstances.

—That the state of California is going so far as to contrive the murder of critical witnesses.

Miss Davis does not pause to acknowledge that several people, including a California judge, are most indisputably dead as a result of the courtroom kidnaping to which she is linked by the circumstance of the lethal weapons' having been issued in her name. She does not explain that bail is seldom given to defendants who have been guilty of attempting to flee the state, as Miss Davis did, successfully, for several months during which her answers were being sought to several questions. She does not encourage the reader to infer from the elaborate preparations being taken in connection with her custody the obvious reasons for them: namely, to protect her, and to protect her protectors. Similar precautions were taken to protect Sirhan Sirhan, and no one drew the inference that California is anti-Arab.

Now none of this surprises. Whether Miss Davis is or isn't guilty of the crimes with which she is charged will be legally established in due course. Meanwhile, she is a Communist, and pledged therefore to turn every contingency into a means of savaging this country. Okay. But why should Gloria Steinem forward this enterprise? □

WHAT THE ECONOMISTS ARE SAYING

New York, Dec. 14—I spent a recent morning listening to some of the nation's top economists discussing Phase II and the surrounding economic situation. First of all, the good news. They all agreed that 1972 is going to be a good year. Two economists spoke about a probable increase in the GNP of $100 billion, about one-third of which would constitute inflation-money, the rest of it real. That means a real rise of between 5 and 6 per cent.

Mr. Walter Heller, the prepossessing economist who was chief economic adviser to John F. Kennedy, said he really could not understand why businessmen and the stock market went around so gloomily. He cited a recent cartoon showing two businessmen at a lunch meeting. "I have mixed feelings about the economy," one of them is saying to the other. "Half gloom, half panic."

Now Mr. Heller was perfectly willing to admit that the economy was headed in the right direction before Mr. Nixon imposed the wage and price controls. But unlike the other experts who tended to the conclusion that Phase I and Phase II were probably unnecessary, and came on only because, for political reasons, it became important for Mr. Nixon to do something, Mr. Heller thought that the freeze accomplished a necessary psychological objective. And since the public psychology affects the public's economic behavior, then it follows that that which is psychologically necessary may very well be economically necessary.

The moderator at this meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers asked the gentlemen-experts to talk not alone about the intricate economic questions involved in President Nixon's policies, but about their more general meaning—their social and philosophical meaning. I remember being very much struck by a sentence used by the Presi-

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dent's spokesman, Mr. Herbert Klein, when he first described the operations of Phase II. He said that "the success of the program, as the President has emphasized, will depend upon the continued cooperation of the people."

It would require a considerable revision in the values of a free society to accept the notion that it is "uncooperative" for a secretary to insist on a raise of $10 a week if she thinks she can get that price on the free market. Nor have we been taught to think of it as "uncooperative" for Sander Vanocur to insist on $85,000 per year as the price of leaving NBC and going to the Public Broadcasting System; nor even "uncooperative" that a singer called Tom Jones asks for—and gets—$65,000 per performance, if that is the word for it. If Mr. Klein is correct—that the success of Phase II will depend on the "support" of the people—it is worth asking: What is the strategic outlook for a free economy if regulation is going to be done by self-denial, rather than by competition?

And, of course, there are other questions. For instance, there are those who believe that Phase II is massive political choreography, and that the striking feature of it is that the dancers, if you examine them carefully, are in fact all suspended a few inches aboveground, so that they cannot, for all the motion, really get anywhere.

From this it does not follow that inflation will not decrease. Merely that the causes of the moderation in the rate of inflation are policies and practices set into motion by the Nixon Administration well before the melodramatic television broadcast of August 15. If that is correct, or partly correct, and many economists appear to be saying that it is, then we are going to have a very long-winded economic tangle in the years ahead between those observers, friends of federal intervention, who argue that such success as we had came from the direct actions of the President and his Cost of Living Council and his Pay Board and his Price Commission and his Productivity Commission—and others who will maintain that these placebos had really nothing to do with it at all, that the basic fiscal and monetary policies of the Administration foretold what would happen.

So it goes. As Professor Walter Heller put it: "Things will never be the same again. Even after controls are lifted, there will be the threat of their reimposition. As Al Capone put it, 'People are more persuasive when they have a gun in their hand as well as a carrot.' " Alas, he never really got into the question whether this gun is loaded with blank cartridges. □

INVOLVE OURSELVES IN INDIA?

New York, Dec. 18 —Now Senator Kennedy proposes that President Nixon assume the moral lead in effecting a reconciliation between Ulster and Ireland. This proposal ought to remind us that the Presidency of the United States tends to be primarily a political office, rather than a Solomonic one—better suited as a conduit of power, than of moral wisdom. So that what Senator Kennedy is really proposing is that the United States involve itself in the Irish struggle, and the question is: Why? Why on earth? We were foolish enough to involve ourselves in England's dispute with Rhodesia, from which involvement we got nothing, zero: Why should the United States get into the Irish picture?

And then there is India-Pakistan. The preferences of Richard Nixon are pretty plainspoken. Over the years, and notwithstanding Pakistan's dalliance with Red China, he has found Pakistan a more reliable ally. India, on the other hand, is probably the world's mother lode of moral hypocrisy and that gets to itch, you know. Nehru interrupted his lifelong moral trance in order to decline to join those nations that protested Khrushchev's invasion of Hungary in 1956. A few years later, he interrupted it again to wage war against Goa, which he gobbled up without once pausing in his running denunciation of imperialism. Now his daughter, fired by the glory of it all, hurls India's thunderbolts at East Pakistan, and, quite obviously, everybody's relishing the whole thing, paying no attention whatsoever to the United Nations which in peaceful times they laud as the principal deterrent of aggression: and so on.

On the other hand, the repression by West Pakistan of the insurgents in East Pakistan staggers the mind for the brutality of it. Ten million refugees. Torture and bloodletting on a truly genocidal scale. Surveying the quarrel between Pakistan and India, one understands emotionally the macabre suggestion by one observer that the United States should send arms to both India and Pakistan.

STILL, what are the interests of the United States in the matter? Clearly, as a member of the community of nations, we desire to see a ceasefire: because ceasefires are generically desirable. On the other hand, as a practical matter, we obviously are not going to get a ceasefire from India now, any more than the United States, Britain and France would have obliged the world with a ceasefire on the eve of our crossing the Rhine in the closing days of the Second World War. We feel the imperative to recommend a ceasefire in the Security Council of the United Nations, notwithstanding the previous resolutions during the past hectic fortnight have been vetoed by the Communist principals, who have begun shouting at each other with such force that the Chinese found himself addressing the Russian as "Mister" instead of "Comrade."

THE rhetoric is for the UN. The cool eyes of the Administration are no doubt studying the conflict in terms of the strategic interests of the United States. Clearly, the indebtedness of the Indians to the Soviet Union is crucial. So crucial, that India's foreign minister is even moved to deny it, stressing that India will always be independent, even of Russia. No doubt the great naval facilities along the subcontinent will, after the smoke settles, belong all the more substantially to the Russian fleet. But the Indian Ocean is becoming a Russian lake as it is, and we are not going to war on Pakistan's side in order to reverse the irreversible. If Red China intrudes on the side of Pakistan, which is altogether unlikely, we will have a first-class, though almost certainly nonnuclear, war; one in which the Russians and Chinese would almost certainly respect each other's frontiers and boundaries.

Even then, what would we get out of intervening? It is sad but true that sometimes history gives us situations which are not only necessarily resolved by the use of force, but best resolved by the use of force. If two parties opposed—in the Congo, for instance, or in Nigeria: or in the Indian subcontinent —are absolutely intransigent, what other solution is there than that they must trade blows, and come to terms by force majeure?

The counsel of the Kennedys is very confusing these days. On the one hand they decry our discharging in Southeast Asia our formal commitment; on the other, they are asking that we involve ourselves in a situation, as in Ireland, in which we have nothing whatsoever to gain, except a diminution of Richard Nixon's vote next November, which is the likeliest objective of Edward Kennedy. It isn't a call to isolation to remind oneself that the impact of local wars greatly increases insofar as it is calculated by the belligerents that the United States—and Russia, and China —must involve themselves. We should stand by, with our grain and our blood plasma: but that's all. We are entitled to stay home for this one. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What NATIONAL REVIEW wishes you — 37 4 26 98 194 65 72 103 113 205 / 59 79 85 22

B. A breed of hornless sheep — 57 114 176 185 29 51 54 120 180 13

C. A *region from about eight to about thirty miles above the earth* — 82 146 157 184 2 27 156 166 171 5 / 18

D. Pertaining to a large and important group of beetles — 89 11 34 63 96 152 155 162 170 173 / 3 6 77

E. A Hebrew dry measure, a little over a bushel — 97 7 87 15 178

F. Quicker than larghetto and slower than allegretto — 104 132 93 139 135 123 33

G. The *hall of Odin*, which has 540 gates — 112 94 68 190 199 212 17 204

H. Overwhelmed — 129 99 58 148 133 209 172 43 203

I. What prunes (and some people) sometimes are — 19 31 38 44 60 64

J. What Ulysses was — 144 151 45 207 35 211 140

K. The word of God is . . . sharper than any —— sword — 149 101 124 50 61 16 69 136

L. A *graphic representation of a sequence of operations in a computer program* — 158 213 175 208 126 206 39 108 177

M. Gaunt — 164 62 192 142 131 105 137 84

N. Flattened at the poles — 168 75 183 66 154 73

O. A division of time — 1 24 40 48 56

P. A place in Quebec just north of the Maine boundary (you'll die laughing!) — 189 71 143 150 25 46 55 70 127 160 / 181 198 201

Q. Abounded — 10 80 153 121 161 141

R. A river that's always here — 53 134 167 145 109 83 188 76

S. What Pocahontas, Tagore, and Feller were (*singular*) — 8 90 195 21 193 110

T. A member of a large Muskhogean tribe — 23 20 163 106 169 196 200

U. Unscramble PRAY AY NEPHEW — 32 12 102 128 202 81 88 92 210 14 / 36 138

V. These are found in many refrigerators — 91 9 41 47 52 95 111 115 118 130 / 30

W. He founded the Boston Academy of Music in 1833 — 182 100 186 28 49 67 74 78 86 117 / 125

X. To give consent, approval, or adherence — 191 119 165 107 187 147

Y. A king of England — 197 159 122 174 42 179 116

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1484 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 O	2 C	3 D	4 A		5 C	6 D	7 E	8 S	9 V		10 Q	11 D	12 U	13 B		14 U	15 E	16 K
17 G	18 C	19 I		20 T	21 S	22 A		23 T	24 O	25 P	26 A	27 C	28 W	29 B	30 V		31 I	32 U
33 F	34 D		35 J	36 U	37 A	38 I		39 L	40 O	41 V		42 Y	43 H		44 I	45 J	46 P	47 V
48 O	49 W	50 K	51 B		52 V	53 R	54 B		55 P	56 O	57 B	58 H	59 A	60 I	61 K		62 M	63 D
64 I		65 A	66 N	67 W	68 G	69 K	70 P		71 P	72 A	73 N	74 W		75 N	76 R		77 D	78 W
79 A	80 Q		81 U	82 C	83 R		84 M	85 A	86 W	87 E	88 U	89 D		90 S	91 V	92 U		93 F
94 G	95 V	96 D	97 E	98 A		99 H	100W	101K		102U	103A	104F	105M	106T	107X	108L		109R
110S	111V		112G	113A	114B	115V	116Y		117W	118V		119X	120B	121Q	122Y	123F		124K
125W		126L	127P	128U	129H	130V		131M	132F		133H	134R	135F	136K	137M	138U		139F
140J	141Q		142M	143P	144J	145R	146C	147X	148H		149K	150P		151J	152D	153Q		154N
155D	156C		157C	158L		159Y	160P	161Q		162D	163T	164M	165X	166C		167R	168N	
169T	170D	171C		172H	173D	174Y		175L	176B		177L	178E	179Y		180B	181P	182W	183N
	184C	185B	186W		187X	188R	189P	190G		191X	192M	193S	194A		195S	196T	197Y	198P
	199G	200T	201P	202U		203H	204G	205A	206L		207J	208L	209H	210U		211J	212G	213L

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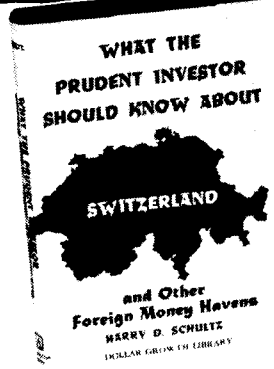

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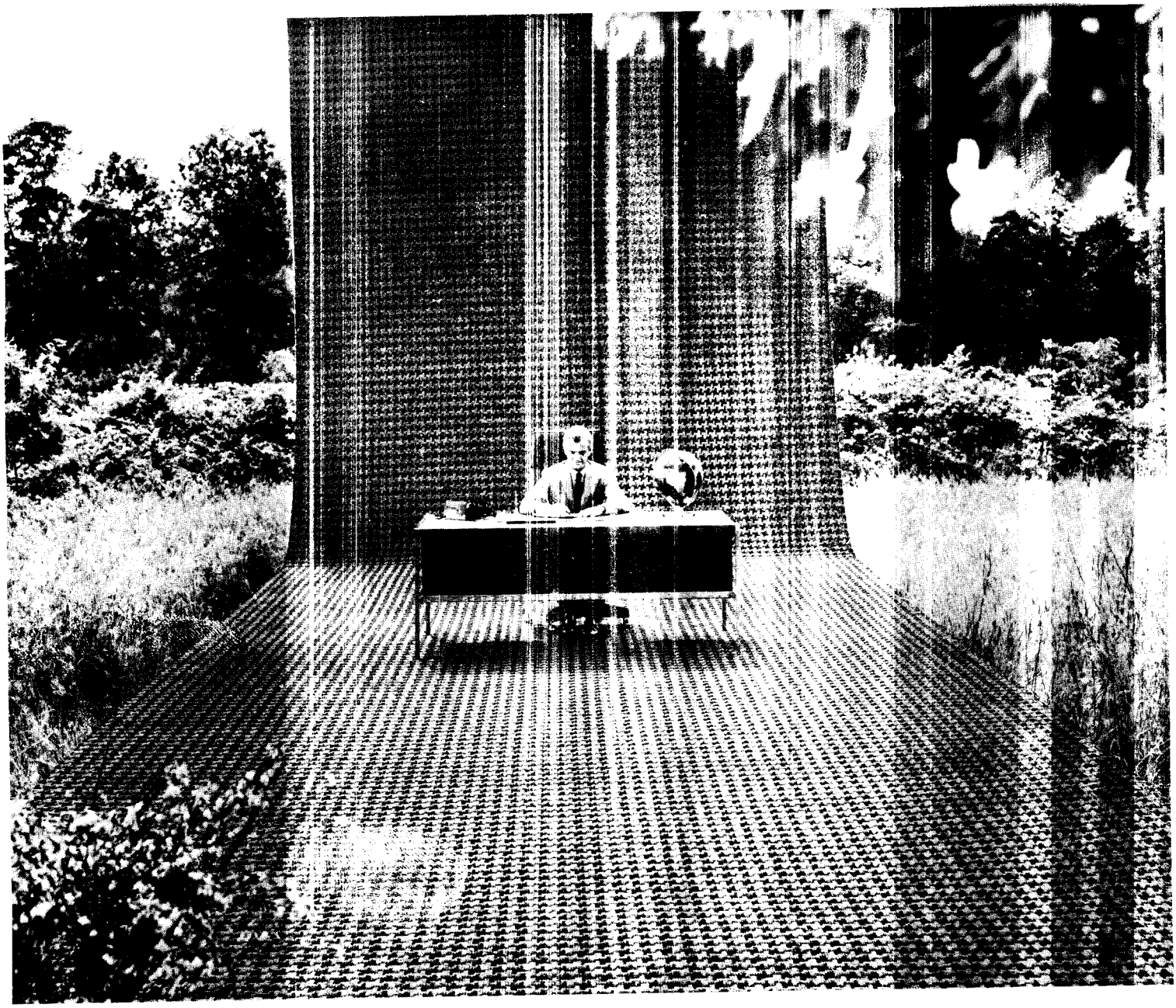

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